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No. 30.

FORTUNATE FATE.

BY GRORGE JOHNSON,

r o'er the landscape lies, has crossed the earth and skies olemn, but glorieus;

THE SEA OF FIRE:

ON THE BRINK OF A PRECIPICE.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

THE DE LANCYS.

The De Lancy family was old. The first American De Lancy had come over with Lord Baltimore. The De Lancya had prospered and grown rich from year to year. They had acquired large estates both in Maryland and Pennsylvania, and above all they had owned the famous De Lancy Roby.

Roby.

The Pennsylvania and Maryland estates and the great Ruby had descended from father to son, until, in the present century, they had failen to the lot of Ralph and calvert be Laney. Relnh the adder, had taken the Maryland property and the Ruby, while the land in Pennsylvania became Calvaria share.



when the three three properties of the control of t

Buddenly he stopped and looked steadily ahead of him. At this place a tall palm had fallen, dragging with it numerous smaller trees and a mean of creeping vines. Here, the unobstructed mounteams

Contact

of death and night seemed both to swoop down at once. Darkness and silence took possession of the forest.

Autrey marked the spot by cutting strips of bark from the neighboring trees. Then be reunsed his search for the path. He had just left the place where the two men lay when an Indian hag, her arms filled with evit smelling herts, emerged from a tangled clump of trees, and began groping on the ground as if searching for a particular plant. Accidentally she atmosher hand against Ross Burleigh's head. By means of flint, steel and dry palmfibres abe struck a light, and looked into his face.

his face.
"Hab!" she granted, contemptaously,

"Bigh!" she granted, contemptiously,
"Satanas, thy patron, has thee now."
She turned toward Antonio the Avenger.
Her wrinkled face expressed deep interest.
With almost reverential care she raised his head. She started off, soon returning with a courd filled with sait—the antidote to the Urary poison. This she forced into Antonio's month, murmuring and chantens as the did se. ng as she did so.

ing as she did so.

At last Aubrey De Lazey found the path that led back to the city. He walked during the remainder of the night. When he reached Pais the rosy fingers of dawn had a ized the cloud curtains of night, and torn them aside. Blanding in the flowing flood of morning light he took Antonio's gift from the pouch. The gem was marvellone in size and color. He examined it minutely. There was a creet faintly cut on the ander side. The truth flashed into his mind.

his mind.

The Hea of Fire was the great De Lancy The Sea of Fire was the great France, Huby, and he had regained it! The bodies of Ross Burleigh and An-tonio the Avenger were not found. Au-brey sent several servants into the forest with orders to bury them. The servants discovered the spot marked by Aubrey, but no trace of death remained.

CHAPTER III.

THREADS.

Two years before when Aubrey De Lancy had landed at Pars, his father had greeted him for the first time since his infancy. The meeting between the father and son The meeting between the father and son was to outward eyes not very affectionats. They had simply looked into each other's faces, and shaken hands. Had they been French or Spanish, and not American, the appectators would have been favored with an affecting scene.

Raiph De Lancy was not yet fifty, but in appearance he was at least seventy. Dissi-

Balph De Lancy was not yet fifty, but in appearance he was at least seventy. Dissipation and remorae for the misspent years of his early life had made him prematurely old. His form was bent and his hair white, but he still retained in his countenance some traces of the manly beauty for which had been noted in his speats. Aswrey how, was what he had once been. They both possessed the broad, smooth brow, the squiline nose, and, in the father somewhat dimmed, the dark blue eyes of their family. But here the likeness between them ended. Aubrey's countenance expressed resolution and firmness, yet withal, manly gentieness, while his father's was painfully weak and uncertain in capression. Some great dread seemed to be constantly hanging over him.

After their first meeting, they had fallen into the position most in accordance with

After their first meeting, they had fallen into the position most in accordance with their respective characters. Aubrey had taken the head in everything. His father leaned upon him with a sense of protection and confiderce in his superior strength.

Kalph De Lancy's banking business was not in a very prosperous condition. After wandering similesely in many lands, he had selzed the opportunity of entering this business in the hope of retrieving the fortune which through his own baseness he had lost. He was far from that end at present. It was now that Aubrey found me for the business training and experience be had acquired in managing his uncle a estate. He went he artily to work on his arrival at Para and, although the business, even at its best, was not likely to prove a mine of wealth, he succeeded in reducing its details into something like order, much to get rid of the business, a portion of it—or he would not have spoken the last sentence. "I business, tauling appropriate or, at least, a portion of it—or he would not have spoken the last sentence. "I wouldn't mind going North," said Aubrey, abruptly.

"I don't think you could. I could not wind up the affairs of the bank without your assistance. We'd better give it up—the bank, I mean. I lit go North, and you can follow me as soon as you settle affairs here."

Abovey reflected a moment.

"Very well," he assented. "I'll stay leave, and the hope of making money could keep me in it. Now that we velittle of more money, I think we'd better will be the business, and the past—or, at least, a portion of it—or he would not have spoken the last sentence.

"I wouldn't mind going North," said aubrey, abruptly.

"I don't think you could. I could not wind up the affairs of the bank without your assistance. We'd better give it up—the bank, I mean. I'll go North, and your assistance.

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"I wouldn't mind going North," and there, "I leave the past—or, at present. It was now that Aubrey found may for the business training and experience he had acquired in managing his uncle's estate. He went heartily to work on his arrival at Pain and, although the business, even at its best, was not likely to prove a mine of wealth, be succeeded in reducing its details into something like order, much to lishph De Lancy's relief, whom it had involved in a chase of perplexity.

Aubrey Pe Lancy was not naturally superstitions; but the last words of old Antonio, predicting ruin and death to him, if the littly should leave him, rung in his ears, and he could not shake off their influence. Ferbaps, too, his residence among.

"Nort!" responded Aubrey, warmly; "Nort!" responded Aubrey, warmly;

ears, and he could not shake off their influence. Perhaps, too, his residence among
the half-civilized Indians, who firmly believe in the powers of charms and talismans, had, unknown to himself, infected
his mind. However that might be, since
he had received the wonderful stone, it
had never left his person, except for the
moment that he showed it to his father.

The care-worn, scared look left Ralph
De Lancy's face as he gazed on the gean.

"It is our Kuby—the great De Lancy
Ruby, Aubrey!" he cried, in astonishment,
and Aubrey related how he had obtained
the

A remorseful expression crossed the ler man's countenance. "Ah," he mur-tred, "if you only knew what that stone

eider man e would have when a mured, "if you only knew when has cost me!"

But Aubrey was thinking of something much pleasanter. "I will never part with it," he said, "until I place it, set in a wedding-ring, on Mildred Vernes finger. It will then be in the Pe Lancy family, all the name." He had attached it to a fine the land and wore it constantly next to the half attacher re-It will then be in the 1st Lancy ramny, as the same." He had attached it to a fine steel chain, and wore it constantly next to his skin. It was in vain that his father represented the imprehence of continually carrying about him a gem of such value, and entreated him to deposit it in the safe of the bank. Aubrey listened respectfully, and that was all. The father's anger rose. "Think of the worth of the stone, at least," he said, "if you care nothing for your own life."

Think of the worth of the stone, at least," be said, "if you care nothing for your own life."

But Aubrey was obstinate. One morning, about a week after the terrible scene in the forest, he awoke feeling unusually heavy and oppressed. One of his first thoughts was of the Roby. It was his custom to examine it each morning. He noticed with alarm that several links of the chain were slightly bout; but he concluded that he himself must have secidentally caused this; for the Buby was safe, burning with an lurid a glow as ever.

It was about two o'clock, the hottest part of the day in Fus. The whole population meemed to be engaged in taking sizeties, for the streets were unoccupied, save by the streets were unoccupied, save by the hot, dassling sunshine. In a hammood, in

have shed would fill a sea, larger, wider, deeper—"
Abbrey started back in horror. The old chief's face had become ghastiy from loss of blood. The falling shoonlight revealed it distorted by pain, rage and avage of it distorted by pain, rage and avage of it distorted by pain, rage and avage of his search for water. There was nown at hand. Antonio spoke agoin in a thick, gustural woice.

"Guard this treeaure well, man of the North. To my avanger I can day prohing. You are now the guardian of the Sea of Fire. Keep it well. Never let it leave you, or ruin and death will surely fall upon you. It left our tribe once. Since then we have been doomed."

The old man's voice subsided into a faint mean. A cloud hid the moon: the shadows of death and night seemed both to awood down at once. Darkness and silence took possession of the forest.

Autrey marked the spot by cutting strips of bark from the neighboring trees. Then he reunsed his search for the path. He had just left the place where the women lay when an Indian hag, her arms filled with evil smelling herts, emerged from a tangled clump of trees, and began groping on the ground an if searching for a particular plant. Accidentally she struck her—hand against Rose Burleigh's head. By means of flint, steel and dry pains three she struck a light, and looked into "Yes, senhor," responded a drowsy in the struck a light, and looked into "Yes, senhor," responded a drowsy in the struck a light, and looked into "Yes, senhor," responded a drowsy in the struck a light, and looked into "Yes, senhor," responded a drowsy in the struck a light, and looked into "Yes, senhor," responded a drowsy in the struck a light, and looked into "Yes, senhor," responded a drowsy in the struck a light, and looked into "Yes, senhor," responded a drowsy into the content of the struck a light, and looked into a minute of the looked in

Yes, senhor," responded a drowsy

"Yes, sennor, responded a divervoice.
"Any letters?"
"One, sonhor." And the letter came
whissing through the air, falling into his
hammock. He was too well accustomed to
the laxiness of Indian servants to see anything estraordinary in this rather unceremonious manner of delivering the epistic.
He picked it up, and looked at the address.

"When did you receive this, Miguel?"

"When did you receive this, Mignel?"
"Shortly before breakfast, senhor."
"Why didn't you bring it earlier?"
"Breause you didn't ask me for it, senhor," returned the drowsy voice gliding into a snore, proclaiming that Mignel had taken the shortest way of ending the discussion by dropping into the arms of Mornheus.

phens.

Aubrey examined the letter curiously.

It was addressed to his father. Judging from the postmarks, it had followed a long and circuitous route before reaching its and circuitous route before reaching its destination. He put it on a small table near the side of his father's hammook. Ralph De Lancy was wide awake in an in-

stant.
"News from home!" he announced.
"Good or bad?" asked Aubrey.
"Good and bad. Poor Calvert—poor

fellow! Why, he was younger than I by three years. I never thought he'd go Is my uncle dead?"

"Yes," he returned, in a low, dreamy tone. "He died in December of last year. This letter must have been nine months on

its travels,
"Poor fellow!" Ralph De Lancy continued. "When I parted with him some

tinued. "When I parted with him some twenty four years ago, he was as tall and upright as a grenadier, and his muscles were like wire-topes. A fine-looking man, Aubrey; you don't see many like him now. I little thought he'd go first!"
"From whom is this letter?"
"From his lawyer."
Aubrey was disappointed. He had hoped that it might have been written by one of his nacles neighbors. In that case word perhaps have singlifications afflicted verne. From her, he had received no letter. That little sketch of pansies and forget-me-nots was the only token he had from her. He had written often. In spite of her silence, he trusted her.

often. In spite of her silence, he trusted her.

"From Bronson, his lawyer," repeated Raiph De Lancy. "By his will, Calvert gives me a life interest in the estate. On my death it reverts conditionally to you. Bronson deem't mention the condition. He might have shown more confidence in me—and he need not have feared for your inheritance, Aubrey."

But Raiph De Lancy had forgotten the past—or, at least, a portion of it—or he

past or, at least, a portion of it or he would not have spoken the last sentence.
"I wouldn't mind going North," said in hot pursuit.

but he thought of a certain acre which comprised a smooth laws, with a graceful, girlish figure standing among the gera-niums, as it had stood one autumn morning two years ago.
"The Gloria was to come up from Rio

"The Gloria was to come up from Rio on her way to New York to-day."
"She brought that letter. It was sent to Rio first."
"There's no time to be lost, then. The estate has been without an owner for nine months—quite long enough. The Gloria will not remain here more than a day. Ill see if the captain can accommodate me see if the captain can accommodate me with a berth. Tell Mignel to pack my trunk." "Can't you wait a week or two? The

"Can't you wait a week or two? The bank..."

'Oh, everything is in order there. You can easily clear off all the business in two months, at most. Leaving out the estate, Calvert's property in Philadelphia is extensive, and I must look after it. I'll be back soon. Tell Miguel to take particular care to put in the small iron box on my dreasing table."

Raiph De Lancy was about to pass into the street when Aubrey uttered a sudden exclamation. A woman had just appeared, turning the right hand corner of the verandah. She crossed the narrow street, and looked curiously at the two men as she passed.

"Tost face! Where have I seen it?" "Young hear's are doubtless very susceptible," and Ridph, with more greety than his son had ever seen him affect, "but I searcely thought the sight of a pretty face would throw you off your balance."

Antrey made a gesture as if the light speech annoyed him.

"That face made me shadder involuntarily. Bome terrible experience has become mixed up with it in my mind."

"A face, "You're morbid..."

"I have it!" interrupted Aubrey. "That woman has the features of the man who killed the Indian Aubonio! Those eyes colose together, I could never mintake them!"

"Wall," axid Ralph, "I suppose there are hundreds of people with the same type of features as that man possessed. By the by, have you the remotest idea who he was?"

"No; but I tell you that woman had his look—his precitiar expression."

"Ti

"No; but I tell you that woman had his look—his prealiar expression."
"Do you believe in metempsychosis?" the elder De Laney saked, ironically. "The soul of your murderer may have assumed another form."

Was it possible that Antonio's murderer had not been killed? Could be have assumed female attire for some evil purpose? To the latter of these questions Aubrey's common sense promptly answered, No; for the form of the woman he had just seen was the perfection of lightness and grace. No man could assume that.

Kaiph De Laney took his way toward the quay, to speak to the captain of the Gloria. Lost in thought, Aubrey paced up and down the veraudab. About half an hour after his father had gone, a boy brought him a note. It ran—

"The Gioria starts in an hour. Send down my beggage. I have some business on hand now; but will meet you on the quay before she starts. H. Dg L."

quay before she starts.

Aubrey sent down the baggage, which Miguel had packed. There was not much of it. Ralph De Lancy always travelled with as little baggage as possible. Once he had done so from necessity, now he did so from choice.

After it had gone, he suddenly thought of the iron box on his father's dressing-table. He had told Miguel, as his father had desired him, not to forget it; but it stood in its usual place.

"Micuel, why did you not put this in as I told you?"

stood in its must place.

"Micuel, why did you not put this in as I told you?"

"What, senhor?"

"The iron box."

"I did as senhor told me."

"Why, here it is!"

"I thought I had packed it in with the rest." And this was all the satisfaction Aubrey got. He slipped the small box into his ceat packet, intending to place it in his father's hands on the quay. Hefore starting in that direction, however, he went to the bank, which was situated in the Haa dos Mercadores. As he entered the small front office, he noticed that it was occupied by a woman. She had just presented a check to the clerk. Aubrey recognized her as the woman who had passed the verandaha short time before." I will take the amount in gold or in

passed the verandah a short time before.

"I will take the amount in gold or in currency of the United States," she said, in a clear, feminine voice.

Her face was concealed by a dense black veil. When she had gone, Aubrey, Gred by a feeling that she was in some way connected with the man he had shot, "I to see the check she had not been a second to the check she had not been a second to the check she had not been she had not b

"We have cashed checks for this lady before, have we not?"

"She is governess in the de Vastro-family," answered the voluble clerk. "A rather large salary she must get. Yes, we cashed a check to her last week, amount— "I remember," said Aubrey, slowly, still acrutinizing the signature. "That was all right, but this is a forgery."

The clerk looked at him in consterna-tion. Aubrey seized his hat, and went to the door. The woman was still in sight. He started along the Rua dos Mercadores in hot pursuit.

CHAPTER IV. IN THE JAQUAR'S DEN.

The tropical climate of Para is so favorable to the rapid growth of rank vegetation, that the forest can with difficulty be prevented from sucroaching on the streets of

the city.
In some places a retwork of lanes and

In some places a retwork of lanes and roads, with here and there a rosinha, or country-house, striches between the city and the woods, while in others the streets are bounded by the forest itself.

The woman, of whom Aubrey De Laney was in hot pursuit, made with rapid steps for the forcet. The space between her and her pursuer was fast decreasing, when she suddenly disappeared in the dense growth. Aubrey followed with swift bounds. At every turn in the path, he fancied he saw a flutter of drapery, but he was mistaken. The woman was nowhere in sight. Deter-

a flutter of drapery, but he was mistaken. The woman was nowhere in sight. Determined not to give up the search, he explored every accessible spot which in his judgment could serve for a hiding-place.

Leaving him for a time, we will follow the woman, Laure Barleigh. Parting a thick curtain of vines that hung from the interlac d boughs of two huge trees, she stepped into a well-worn, narrow, winding path. Twisting and turning through labyrinths which would have bewildered any one unaccustomed to traverse the path, she at length reached a small house, or rather hut, buried and entirely hidden beneath its weight of foliage. She lifted a portion of the tangled mass, and revealed the door. Opening this with a key, which she took from her pocket, she entered.

The interior was in semi gloom. A couple of hammocks, a table, two roughly-made seats, and some broken boxes comprised the contents of the cabin.

the contents of the cabin.

The woman went to the sperture that served for a window and pushed aside the clustering s'pns. The entering light revealed her form and face. She appeared to be about twenty-fire years of age. She was tall and commanding in figure, and yet graceful. When she removed the small hat she wore, a rich mass of golden hair was shaken down upon her neck and shoulders. Her complexion was clear red the contents of the cabin. was shaken down upon her neck and shoulders. Her complexion was clear red and white—resembling white satin tinged with the faint pink of an opening rose. In the cheeks and lips the rose tint was deeper. Her eyes were intensely black, and placed so close together as to give her face a sinister expression, but when the cyclid drooped, it would be hard to find a more perfectly faultiess face.

She seemed entirely at home in the cabia. From a small recess in the wall she took a flask of wine, and then searched for other previsions. She found nothing.

"He has not been here lately," she said. She went out, soon returning with bananas and oranges, which grow in abundance around fus. These she laid on the table and began her repeat.

While she was engaged in this way, the door opened, and a man entered. B was

Ross Burleigh—a strong muscular man, about the same age and height as Aubrey De Lancy, comewhat resombling him in figure; and possessing the simister eyes so remarkable in his otherwise beautiful

aister.

His sister acknowledged his entrance by

Antirey made a greature as if the light a long, scrutinizing glance.

"You are greatly changed, Ross," she with the my mind."

"In an are greatly changed, Ross," she said. "You are gater and thinner than whom I last saw you a month ago,"

"I've no doubt of that," he answered in

"I've no could or man, a rough, low voice.

Bise watted for him to continue. He did not seem inclined to do so, but threw himself on one of the hammocks.

"Try this," she said, offering him the flask. He took a long pull at it, and then raised

binself into a sitting posture.

"Well," be said, "any news?"
"Oas or two sersps. I am no longer governess to Intz de Vastro. I received my congé from her papa a week ago."
"The deuce!"

"The deuce."

'Oh, no, pape de Vastro is not the deuce.

He's a rather nice old fool. The fact is, he
happened to see me one evening going into
your establishment in the Rua dos Morcadores. The next day he asked what I did
in a gambling house. Of course, I couldn't
tell him that my brother was its keeper,
and that I was saint to see him on particular. tell him that my brother was its keeper, and that I was going to see him on particular business. That wouldn't do. A governess must have none but respectable relations, and so I made up a pathetic little story about a dying man, who had been driven to destruction by my refusal to marry him, having sent for me to console his last moments. The old wretch wouldn't believe it, though I cried a great deal, and almost broke poor Juer's sympa.

hizing heart."

"And so you were sacked?"

"Don't be vulgar. I resigned, finding hat the situation did not agree with me."

"I say, Laura, where do you propose to

"To the United States!"
"To the United States!" he repeated,

"To the United States:" he repeated, in amazement.
"To the land of the free, my dear brother, to our native land," she answered, composedly, "and I think you had better try another elimate, too."
"No: I'll not leave this until I obtain revenge." The demoniac look that for a moment transfigured his face, raised his sister's cariosity to the highest pitch; but she was aware that a direct question would not be the surest way of gratifying it.
"Have you been informed that the authorities have closed the saloon in the Rua dos Mercadores?"

dos Mercadores?"

"Impossible!" he cried, starting up.

"By no means. Fools will never be plucked at your little games in that feative hall scale. plucked at your little games in that feative hall again. You of course know that you and your confederates are accused of robbing various persons on their way to Para. Perhaps, this accounts for your seclusion."

"What! Do you mean to say that they've found us out!"

"Exactly. The police are searching for you. I came here to warn you."

"And for no other reason?"

"That is my affair."

"That is my affair."
"Who set them on the scent?"
"Calistro, one of your Tapuyas."
"The accuracy redskin! If he cross

my path, he'll not live to profit by his

my path, as it not five to profit by his treachery."

"There's no time to talk of that now. You had better think of your own safety. Get out of the country as quickly as postation." I'd not hesitate an instant, if I could bury my knife to its hilt in young De Lan-ey's heart before going."

De Laney! She started in astonish-

ment.
"You know him?"

"You know him?"

"He was extremely eager to join me a few moments ago. Has he injured you?"

"He has foiled me. A ball from his revolver alone prevented me from securing The Sea of Fire. I killed a man—the Tapnya Antonio—for it, but young De Lancy wrested it from me. As I lay stunned upon the ground, I saw Antonio give it to him. Then I became senneless with rage and pain. When I grew conscious, I crawled slowly to the nearest hut, It belonged to a Tapnya of our band. My wound was painful but not serious, and the Indian cured it. I remained with him until to day."

until to day."
"Anbrey De Lancy possesses the Ruby,

"Aubrey De Laley peasesses the Ruby, then."
"Corse him!—yes."
"He is fortunate," said Laura Burleigh.
"Not an hour ago I heard—by simply standing unobserved in the De Larey verandah—that old De Laney has come into a large property in Pennsylvania. They are going to close the bank, and start for the North."

the North."

There was a pause.

"Well, I am determined never to lose sight of the Ruby," said Ross Burleigh, "and so it a getting too hot here, we had better location North somewhere near the De League."

Ruby." We're not safe here, Ross. Aubrey

regin operations with in Uncle Sam's ter-ritory."

"We," repeats the woman, with an ironical smile.

"Look bere, Lure, don't put on airs now. I've some cah of my own. When shall we start?"

"As some can be receible. The Gloric with

shall we start?"

"As soon as possible. The Gioria sails' to-day, and we'll has to wait for the next steamer. Do you know of a nore secure hiding place than thi?"

Rose Barriegh refused a mompt.

"Yes," he answerd. "Therare one or two snug places on the Island a Mexicans. We can wait there as longs we choose."

"Inez de Vastro is to meet me duhe edge of the forest at sunset. I tolder that I intended to leave Pass. Poor It, fool: She thinks her father's treatment.

squeezing money out of old Ds Vastro, if

equesting money only of old Da Vastro, if other things fail."

"How do you intend to manage it?"

"Oh, that's casy enough. You'll walk into the forest with her. I'll have four Tapuyas here as a guard to make all sure. As soon as you come in night, two of us will rush forward, and secure her. There will be no difficulty in getting her into the name."

oanos."
"You'll not ill-treat her?"
"I like ber too well for that. You can take care of her yourself until we reach New York. It wouldn't be safe to have the marriage selemnized here."
"Make your arrangements. I'll do my

nart."

Laura Barieigh sighed. Was it possible
that there were yet some grains of goodness among the inxuriant tares of her distorted and deprayed nature?

Her brother left the cabin. She went to

the recess in the wall, and took from it a long black cloak with a hood attached. She wrapped the mantle around her, and arranged the bood so as completely to conceal her face.

"I defy Aubrey De Luncy or anybody
else to recognize one in this guise," she said
to herself, as she started in the direction of

ata.
On the edge of the forest, near a stone

On the edge of the forest, near a stone orosa wreathed with parasitic plants, Inex de Vasto was waiting for her late governess. She had sat down in a natural bower formed of the huge limbs of a fallen tree, woven into an arch by climbing bignonias and passion flowers.

Inex looked eagerly toward the depth of the forest, her lips parted in expectancy, just showing the pearly teeth within. The light of sanset fell around her, intensifying the rich carmine in her checks and sifying the rich earnine in her checks and the glow in her large dark eyes. A mantilla of lace covered her hair, and under the ruffly of her dress of the same material, peeped the prottient little feet in the world.

world.
The perfume from an orange-tree mingled with that of the exquisite parsion-flowers around her; but in her impationes also did not heed the wafted sweetness.
"Why does she not come? Dear, sweet, kind Laura?" she thought. "Oh, how could papa be so cruel—so hard-bearted? If my mother were aire, all would be so different, and this would not have harpened. She would know how to have harpened.

would be so different, and this would not have happened. She would know how to manage him. Mothers always do. Daughters have their way in small things, but in large ones fathers are as—as iron."

Incz stamped her small foot, and fluttered her fan impatiently. A smile shone on her lips and in her eyes. She ran into the arms of Laura Burleigh.

"Laura—my own Laura, I have kept my promise!"

"And I have kept mine."

"And I have kept mine."

"But you are late, Laura."

"You are mistaken, my dear. Your impatience has caused you to think so."

"But see what I have brought you!"

And Inex drew from the folds of her mantilla a velvet-covered casket, and thrust it into her companion's hand. "Take it and keep it. It holds my diamond car-rings and the bracelets you used to admire so greatly." greatly." "Inez, I feel that I ought not to ac-

cept.—"
But they are mine-left me by my

"But they are mine—left me by my mother. They are not my father's. Keep them for my sake."
"I will, then, but only as a remembrance of you, Inez," said Laura in a low, sobbing water. "News-neary will I part with them!" All this time she was calculating

them?" All this time she was calculating their probable worth.

"But if you should ever become very poor," said Inex carneelly, "do not hesitate to part with them—for my sake, doar Laura, for my sake!"

"Then and only then," sobbed Laura. Arm and arm, conversing as they went, the two wandered farther into the forest. The heart of one full of girlish grief at parting with a friend; the heart of the other full of hypocriey and treachery of the derivative.

other full of hypocrisy and treachery of the darkest dye.

"It is growing late," said Inez, noticing the creeping shadows. "I must roturn."
Laura hell her tightly by the arm, and uttered a sharp scream. It was a signal. Ross Burleigh and an Indian sprang from a clump of shrabbery. Between them they seized Inez, and bore her toward the

river.

"Help! Laura, help!" she cried.

But Laura gave no help.
"Aid me! Savo me!" she cried, halfmad with terror. "Laura, help!"
Help came, but not from Laura. Right
in the path stood Aubrey De Lancy. In
an instant, Ross Burleigh fell senseless
beneath a sturdy blow from the butt of his
rifle. Aubrey tore lack from the grasp of
the annaced Indian, and half carrying,
half-dragging the rescued girl, dashed into
the thick undergrowth.
"After him, Juan, Vincento—after him—
all of you!" cried Laura, bending over her
prostrate brother, and calling to the other

better location North somewhere near the De Lancya."

"Agreed. Our maternal relative will be delighted to see us."

"Doubtful, if we don't take with us the Ruby."

Ruby."

Ruby."

Ruby."

Ruby."

Ruby."

Ruby." and her weight, though light, prevented him from running as swiftly as his light-footed pursuers. The lock of his gun caught in the underbrush. He was com-pelled to abandon it.

so without but securing a souvenir of my sejourn here I presented a check at the De Lancy Bak, and drew three thousand dollars.

"Who signd it?"

"I signed i for my employer, Schor de Vastro.

Ross Burleia eyed her with unqualided admiration.

"By Jove, Laure!" he exclaimed.

"You re a worterful woman! That was a haul. We'll ave a tight little sum to begin operations with in Uncle Sam's territry."

"We," repeate the weman, with an ironical smile.

"Look here, Lure, don't put on airs of a jaguar, the tiger of Brazil!

The Railroad War.

The Railroad War.

A recent article upon the subject of the so-called Railroad War between the Pennsylvania and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroads, seems by its calm statement of facts to show conclusively that the difficulty has originated in the grasping selfahness of the Baltimore and Ohio Company.

Perhaps it is but natural to Railroad Companies to wish to monopolize whenever they cam—but surely the capital city of the country is not to be abut off from general reach by vezatious regulations and corporate selfahness.

We think that the true interests of all ar great Railway Companies ultimately libe found to consist in the adoption of beral and generous policy toward each of and the public. They should recolled at Railroad Companies exist mainly for benefit of the community; and that we are as the community is and they no mere instruments of private their bo mere instruments of private gain, there has been a structured to the content of the community; and their bo mere instruments of private their bo mere instruments of private their box are false to the great object of the content of the content

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

Affred Ernest, the Duke of Edinboro, who was married at \$8t. Petersburg recently to the Princess Marie, of Enesis, is the third child and second con of Queen Victories, and was born on the 6th of Angust, 1844. He entered the Navy and has risen to high rank. It is said he fell in love with the Grand Duchess Marie when she was a rather precedent but very awest-faced girl of fourtees, and that the marriage is a love match. The Grand Duchess speaks English fiscally, and will bring her hanband a dewry of 1,000 000 roubles down, and £20,000 a year, which will make the Duke one of the richest therowse the Duke one of the richest therowse the Duke of Bars-Coburg Gotha, and will one day rale over that small but prisces in Europe. The Deke is heir to his uncle, the Duke of Hars-Cobung Gotha, and will one day rule over that small but amy Principality. The Grand Duckess is nineteen years old. Without pretensions to prettiness, we are told that she is simpatica, which implies expression and aweetness of disposition.

The wedding took place in the Winter Palace. St. Paterphyre in the presence of

The wedding took place in the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, in the presence of a vest assumblage of guests. The bride was splendidly appareled in a long orimson velvet mantle, trimmed with ormins, and wore a diamond coronet. Her train was borne by four pages. Then followed as immense procession, comprising the Imperial family—Princes, Princesses and court officials.

The happy pair were twice married, first with the Greek service, during which crowns were held an uppended over their heads. The Imperial Confessor then said:

"Thou servant of God, Alfred Ernest Ed.

Then servant of God, Affred Ernest Edward, art crowned for this hand-maiden of God, Maria Alexandrovna, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Paranges of the New Testament were then read, including the marriage at Cana of Galilee. Then the crowns were removed and Galilee. Then the crowns were removed and the married couple walked thrice around the raised dais holding to the tip of the Confessor's robe with one hand and a candle in the other. At the conclusion of this ceremony the sacramental cup was brought forward, blossed and partaken of by the bridal pair, the confessor present-ing the cross which they both kissed. The Deacon gave an alconent advantities.

by the bridal pair, the confessor presenting the cross which they both kissed. The Deacon gave an eloquent admonition on the marriage duties. Afterward the chant was amp by the choir, "Glory to thee, choir, "Glory to the benediction. Thus ended the Greek service.

The party thon proceeded to the Hall of Alexander where the Anglican service was performed, Dean Stanley, of Westminster of Abbey, cfliciating. When the crowd dispensed there was a frightful rush on the stairways. There was a wonderful mass of color and decurations composed of uniforms, turbans, Asiatic flawing robes from Bobhara and Samarkand, Big Cuirassier Guards with silver helmets surmounted by golden esgles, and Chamberlains and Equerries. Much attention was paid by the Russian dignitaries to Governor Jewell and family, who are extremely popular. Criticisim was made on the appearance of the bridegroom. His reserved and solema manner created an unfavorable impression. The Prince and Princess of Wales's, affability was cheered on their coming on the street.

The police were engaged in driving back the crowd, and the C.-seack horsomen charged to and for clearing the way for

the crowd, and the Cossack horsement charged to and fro clearing the way for distinguiched personages. The magnificent St. Petersburg church bell was pealed during the day, and salvos of artillery of 101 guns were fired in conclusion of the Greek service, all forming an extraordinary combination of ceremony, wealth, pompand spleudor.

A Curious Old Memorandum.

We have supposed that no record of our Saviour's life older than the New Testament was known to exist; but it seems that a venerable journal is carefully preserved in Nablom (ancient Samaria), in which the following item appears in the handwriting of one of the Samaritan high priests:

nineteenth year of my pontificate, Jesus, the Son of Mary, was crucified at Jerus-

This curious and interesting record was shown by the present high priest, who keeps it among the archives of his church to Dr. El Kary, a Protestant missionary of keeps it among the archives of his church, to Dr. El Kary, a Protestant missionary of Jewish descent and a native of Nabloua. The doctor learned that the old journals of the priests of the Samaritan synagogue are still in existence, dating back to fifty or sixty years before Chirsis was born. It was the custom, he says, of all the high priests to set down in their books any notable events that happened during their term of office. He also learned that the tenth Samaritan high priest was named Shaboth. omee. He also learned that the tenth Sa-maritan high priest was named Shaboth, who lived in the days of our Saviour, and it was this Shaboth who wrote the record quoted above. It will be remembered that Jesus visited Samaria in the early part of his ministry, where He first talked with the woman at Jacob's well, and afterward stayed two

days in the city, where He attracted public days in the city, where He attracted public attention to His presching, and won many followers. During those days Shaboth may have become personally acquainted with Him, and, though far from being His disciple, be would naturally follow Jesus's after history and movements with considerable interest.

We gather the above account from the letter of an old Eastern correspondent to the Advance (Chicago) who spent sometime in Nablous and received the statements from Dr. El Kary.

ments from Dr. El Kary.

Little Things.

The preciousness of little things was never more beautifully expressed than in the following moreous by B. F. Taylor:

Little martin-boxes of homes are generally the most happy and coey; little villages are nearer to being atoms of shatered paradise than anything we know of; and little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointments.

ments.

Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly furthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest, little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most the best titled. Lattie Books are the more read, and little songs the most loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little

little—little pearla, little diamonds, little dews.

Everybody calls that little that they love best on earth. We once heard a good sort of a man speak of his little wife, and we fancied that she must be a perfect little bijon of a wife. We saw her, and she weighed 210; we were surprised. But then it was no joke; the man meant it. He could put his wife in his heart and have room for other things besides; and what was also but precious, and what was also but precious, and what was also but little. If Multurn in Parso—much in little—is the great beauty of all that we love bost, hope for most, and remember the longest.

H STORY

Mand Carrington's "Mistake." BY MISS S. PORTMAN.

Color your

STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

5. 21, 1814

of Edinboro, eleraturg reo, of Rassia, son of Q room he Gth of Auhe Gth of Auhe Gth of Auhe Marie when it was a west a weak a w

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Her train
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partaken of sor present-kissed. The monition on rd the chant to thes, oh benediction.

that bound my youth and inexperience, as Ceptain Carr almost said one day when carried away by excess of feeling. I was barely civil to my lover now; everything he said or did grated inexpres-sibly upon me. On one occasion he noticed my coldness.

with a whispered wish that I would wear them to night for his seks. Would be think I looked nice? I hoped he would. As I descended to the drawing-room I encountered him on the staircame.

"I was waiting for you," he said, softly, taking my hand in both of his. "How heantiful you are, Mand; or rather how heantiful you will be in a year or two! Your forte is certainly 'color.' How well those flowers harmonize with your dark hair. I am afraid your bright eyes will do mischief to night in more than one quarter. Will you try and spare me one came among your many obgagements?

"One dance!" I said, disappointed that he did not ask for more.

"Yes, one." he answered, "Do you grudge me that much happiness? Does George Needham only allow you to dance with himself?"

"Allow me," I retorted, angrily; "you shall see," And quitting him abrapity, I joined my mother in the ball-room, and antiered my card to be filled with engagements.

I had plenty of adulation on this even.

"AP\$\text{YESIOLOGICAL YIEW.} I was engaged to George Needham on my seventseath birthday. We had known each other from childhood; he had alternately petted and patronized me in our younger days, but now it was my turn to tyrannize over him, which I never failed to do, though he was my asnior by five years. I felt a natural superiority over him; he was so awkward, and "big," and good-natured, and not the least like any of my favorite heroes, and in my secret heart.

good-natured, and not the least like any of my favorite heroes, and in my secret heart I sometimes thought I was too good for him, and ought to be united to a more in-tellectual being; however, on the whole we got on very well together. Mamma was very fond of him; ahe had planned our engagement in her own mind ever since we were children, and its accomplishment was a great happiress to her. My father's death, which had occurred some years previously, had left us in rather straitened circumstances. Though rector of the auffered my card to be filled with engagements.

I had plenty of adulation on this evening. My position as George Needham's "bride elect" secured it me, mamma told the, rather than my own attractions. I took a widely different view unconnected with George, and St. John's admiring looks served to strengthen it. My longed for valse with him came at last; he danced as he did everything else—more than well. As we were resting, he suddenly said:

"I am going away to-morrow, Mand," (he had often called me by my name, at first half in jest.) "I find I can't stay any longer; it's best for both of us. If you were free," he added tenderly, "perbaps you would not send me away. Would you," he asked pleadingly, "if I had only met you last year? Lucky Needham!" he added, under his breath. "Is he worthy of such a treasure?"

I was decely touched by the considers.

death, which had occurred some years previously, had left us in rather strationed circumstances. Though rector of the parish of Dinely, the living was a small one, and he had been able to make but a slender provision for his widow and child. We therefore occupied a small and pretty cottage, which adjoined the "Great House," as George's place was called. He was our young squire, our landlord, our benefactor, mamma often said.

Our wedding-day was fixed; an early day in February was agreed upon, and I was rather elated with my position of bride elect, and slightly presumed upon it I am afraid (at least I think so now,) in my manner and bearing to the county at large, or to the few visitors we had.

Mrs. Chiohester, George's favorite married sister, wrote a very kind note asking us to spend Christman at "The Abbey," a beautiful eld place in Yorkshire. It required no small amount of persuanion to induce my mother to accept the invitation. At first she insisted on declining it, until overruled by me. I was all eagerness for the visit, and I expected to be made much of, as George told me I was sure to be. "The Abbey," he said, "would be full of guests, plenty of dancing and that sort of thing," and he would not go without us.

So an affirmative answer was sent to

added, under his breath. "Is he worthy of such a treasure?"

I was deeply touched by the consideration and delicate tenderness he showed in refrating from pressing his suit while my hand was not mine to bestow.

"I shall never be Mr. Neodham's wife!"
I said, excitedly. "You know it's impossible now, whatever it may have been."
"I wish I dared believe yon," he said; but you are only trying me. It serves me right for forgetting myself. Forgive me, and say good-bye to me 'kindly." I shall be off to-morrow by the first trait. Good-bye, Maud!" And without waiting for me to answer him, he abrupily left me. without us.

Bo an affirmative answer was sent to Mrs. Chichester, and the interval was passed by me in a state of pleasurable excitement, preparing for my debut as I called it. Hitherto my life had been a very seedled one, and I had seen little or nothing of society.

The Christmas week came at length, and, with George to take care of us, we started for Boscawon Abbey, which we tarried for Boscawon Abbey, which we tarried for Boscawon railway journey of over five hours.

nothing of society.

The Christmas week came at length, and, with George to take care of us, we started for Boscowen Abbey, which we reached after a wearisome railway journey of over five hours.

I remember how tired and cold we were, when nahered into the library in the dusk of the evening; a large and merry party, as it seemed to me, were all taiking and laughing at once; then a sudden stionce followed our entrance, broken by George's hearty greeting of his sister. Then turning to me he exclaimed in exuberant spirits—

"I have brought you my Maud, you see, Emma: she is haif-frozen; I couldn't keep her warm asysaw."

"I have brought you my Maud, you see, Emma: she is haif-frozen; I couldn't keep her warm asysaw."

The gentlemen made way for me to approach near the blazing fire, smilling as they did so at George's concluding remark.

Mrs. Chichester kiesed me affectionately, capressed her great pleasure at seeing us, and was soon chatting confidentially with mamms.

As I felt raiber aby and undecided what to do with myself among so many strangers, not liking to remain by George, and yet not knowing how to get away from him, I was relieved from my embarrassment by some one saying in a low, persuasive tone at my elbow—

"May I offer you some tea, Miss Carriegton; won't you sit down here?"

Unconsciously I complied, and taking the seat offered me, ventured to look at the origin to the future.

Our return home was a melancholy one. The months that succeeded each other brought not tidings of St. John Carr. I be a written to tell him of my broken engagement, but had no word or message from him. I did not know what Goorge heard me very patiently, very dietly. When I had said to mantiaken. I felt was a slight, delicately-built man, was relieved from my embarrassment by some one saying in a low, personal to the first of the firs

As I felt rather shy and undecided what to do with myself among so many strangers, not liking to remain by George, and yet not knowing how to got away from him, I was relieved from my embarrassment by some one saying in a low, persuasive tone at my elbow—
"May I offer you some tea, Miss Carrington; won't you sit down here?"
Unconscionally I complied, and taking the seat offered me, ventured to look at my interlocutor, who was standing by me. He was a slight, delicately-built man, rather below the middle height, with handsome high-bred face, and particularly dark, piercing eyes, that were at this moment fixed inquiringly on my face, as if

by sad and anxious looks, which were hard enough to bear.

Mr. Needham had gone abroad for an indefinite time, and we had again aettled down in our old quiet life.

Mrs. Chichester was still very friendly toward me, and by menuma's wish, I accepted her oft-repeated invitation to spend a fortnight with her in town.

One evening I had gone with her to a ball at Lady Dynevor's; all London was there, and among others St. John Carr. My heart throbbed to suffocation at seeing him again: all would be explained now after this weary waiting. The time lagdark, piercing eyes, that were at this moment fixed inquiringly on my face, as if
anxious to set me at my ease, while carcasing his mustache with the whitest hand I
had ever seen, and small enough for a woman's; mine felt quite red and large beside his—as I received my teacup from
him; and I wondered if he thought so too.
As I sipped my tea in silence, he said,
sinking into a low chair beside me—

"I hope you are not very tired; travelling is so boring. I suppose you know
very one here." as inking into a low chair beside me—

"I hope you are not very tired; travelling is so boring. I suppose you know every one here."

He spoke in the lowest and slowest of tones; he seemed to belong to a different sphere to the one I was accustomed to move in. What refinement of voice and manner; it impressed me immensely.
I was obliged to confear reinctantly that I knew no one except Mr. Needham.

"Ah: Mr. Needham," he said; "he is a nice, good-natured young man, I am told. He looks rather overpowering though; is he?" he added, raising his eyebrows ever or slightly.

I shrank involuntarily from his questing into look of the said laxily. "How do you like London? Is your bucolic friend here? I don't nee him. Indeed, I hardly recognized you—one forgets faces so, doesn't one?"

one?"

Bo this was our meeting; this was all he had to say after a parting such as ours. Indignation gave me strength to answer

I shrank involuntarily from his ques-tioning glance, as George's loud, merry laugh rang out from the other end of the room, where he was surrounded by a little laugh rang out from the other end of the room, where he was surrounded by a little group of young men.

The dressing gong sounded opportunely just then, putting an end to my tôte able to sure the most delightful I had ever spent. Captain St. John Carr.

The days that followed our arrival were the most delightful I had ever spent. Captain Carr from the very first devoted himself to me in a quiet, unobstrusive manner, though when alone for a few minutes, which often happened, there was a marked change in his demeanor; he seemed to restrain himself with difficulty and to utter only goarded words. I knew what it all meant, or thought I did; he respected the barrier between us my own hand had raised. I grew more and more dissattified with myself and with George. I compared him—oh, how unfavorably!—with Captain Carr. I began to detest the tie that bound me to him. He had taken advantage of my youth and inexperience, as Captain Carr almost said one day when carried away by excess of feeling.

Indignation gave me and intended in it. I don't understand you, Captain Carr, " I said; and then catching at a forlorn to sope, that perhaps after all he had not received my letter, I continued, "Mr. Need. I have not seen him since that Christmas morning?" he inquired, with an air of bewilderment; "I was seen so many. You wouldn't think so, would you? And 'the ball,' I wish I could; it's all indefinite with me."

"I can quite believe you," I said, flashing apgrily upon him. "How cowardly you are, Captain Carr. I know you thoroughly now, and value you accordingly."

"You are very good, Miss Carrington," he said slowly, "to value me at all, and a vantage of my youth and inexperience, as Captain Carr almost said one day when carried away by excess of feeling.

He had the best of it; I was dumb. I had the best of it; I was dumb. I had the best of it; I was dumb.

cowardly, was it?"

He had the best of it; I was dumb. I could not fight with his weapons. I had nothing more to hope or fear from St. John Carr.

could not fight with his weapons. I had nothing more to hope or fear from St. John my coldness.

"Have I offended you, Mand?" he asked, taking my hand and attempting to draw me toward him. "What is it, dear? You are not the least like your old self."

"Yes I am," I answered, quickly. "but please let go my hand!"

He obeyed without a word, and, looking vexed, left the room.

I felt remorseful for the part I was setting, but what was I to do? How tell him I had never really loved him? It was best to wait, and let chance arrange it all. I was longer over my tollette on Caristmas Eve than I had ever been in my life. A bell was to be given at "The Abbey." Wheart and head were full of St. John Carr. He had that afternoon given me the flowers I was so carefully arranging in my hair,

restored a kind of feudalism, created entailed estates and titles of nobility, which were distributed to renegades of the revolution, like himself; the people were deprived of all right of judgment upon public affairs, the sovereign was placed above the nation; a legion of parasites was there, public education was constructed solely with a view to forwarding the Napoleonic idea, taxation that weighed down the rich was sobished and that affecting the poor was restored.

He spoke of the divine right that Providence had accorded to him, and became, in fact, an Oriental, delighting in pompous titles—lacqueys were glorified under the names of princes, marchais of the empire, chamberlains—most of them being adventurers without any religious or political opinions. The re-establishment of a court has been a scourge to France, a court with us Frenchmen is the ruin of morals. Before the 18th Brumaire France was surrounded by republics—Batavian, Helvetian, Homan, Cealpine, Ligarian. All were destroyed by him. After his marriage with Marie Louise, he was heard to talk more than once of "mon oncle, Louis the Sixteenth." Napoleon, by persuading the French nation that he was the bulwark of the revolutionary ideas of 1752, shows an notitude for mystification, outdotty in this French nation that he was the bulwark of the revolutionary ideas of 17.5°, shows an aptitude for mystification, outdoing in this respect all the miracle workers that ever lived. He drove France for sixteen years as a shepherd his sheep, and the moral standard of the nation suck by many de-grees. Servile manners, the destruction of independent character, the prestige of a spurious glory, the desire of places and or incependent character, the pressing of a spurious glory, the desire of places and decorations, the immorality, the military coarseness, the international hate engendered thereby, still brand France with the mark of moral inferiority. She poseessed during that epoch but one herote quality—that of courage on the battle-field. "De-

If makered the little room, bringing my dole, with him. He came quickly to my dole, and, my dating, "he murmured my dole, and, my dating, "he my dole, and the more loving and better wite he all the more loving and the second of the more loving and the second of the more loving and the second he all the

The Masked Ball
over the destruction of a French army,
but to contemplate the spot where this
great enemy of the human race fell a victim to his own excesses. — Temple Bar.

Plagiarism.

The Oswago Times has a good story to
tell in connection with the literary piracy
in which the students in our colleges and
academies indolge. The late D. P. Page,
first principal of the Albany State Norma
School, remarks to the following purport:
It he said that a few years previous, white
travelling in Massachusetts, his wife, at a
hotel, found an article in a magazine,
which impressed her so favorably that she
copied it into her acrap-book. He read it
at the time, and had not thought of it
since until the vening before, when the
same article had been handed to him by
to nee of the students for "correction," as
at on original composition. He sincerely reagretted that smong young gentlemen and
ladies, aspiring to the honorable position of
teachers, even one should be found who
would do so dishonorable a thing as to try
to pass off as his or her own the productions of another, and his first impulse was
to expose the fraud in open school. But
the presumed it was the first thing of the kind
that had occurred in that institution, and as
there might be extenuating circumstances,
he had concluded to forgive the offender, there might be extendating circumstances, he had concluded to forgive the offender, he had concluded to forgive the offender, provided that individual should call at his room within three days, confess the fault, and promise not to repeat it. In this statement Mr. Page gave no intimation as to the character of the "piece," or the personality of the offender, and before the expiration of the three days more than two thirds of the students had called upon him, acknowledged the offence and apologised, "and," said he, while relating the circumstances, "the right one did not oome at all." The story needs no comments, and embodies its own conclusions.

19 The fish-brush is highly beneficial, especially in stimulating a part which is cold and inactive.

20. Cold bathing is of great advantage to health. It prevents many diseases, promotes perspiration accelerates the circulation of the blood, and secures against colds.

21. All violent and sudden passions dispose people to acute diseases. How and lasting passions, such as grief and hopeless love, bring on chronic diseases.

22. The love of God, as in general it is the sovereign remedy for all miseries, so in particular it prevents hodily disorders. And by the unspeakable joy and perfect calm, serently, and tranquility it gives to the mind, it becomes most powerful of all the means of health and long life.—

London, June 11, 1747.

hated philosophy and philosophers from the set has all control less than at out of set than all control for me. It would be important to the proposal point of the proposal poin Irrigation in the Territories.

Laugh and be Healthy.

Health Rules by John Wesley.

1. A pure air is very important.

2. Tender people should have those who is with them, or are much about them, and, swest and healthy.

3. All powers and healthy.

4. The great rule in food is to smit the houses, furnitures an appossible in their houses, furnitures and a possible in their houses, furnitures and possible in their houses, furnitures and possible in their seasoned food is nuwholescome.

5. All pickled, mucked, salled, and high seasoned food is nuwholescome.

6. Nothing condoces more to health than ab-tinence and plain food, with due labor onness of animal and twelve of vegetable food in twenty-four hours is sufficient.

8. Water is the most wholescome of all drinks, most quickens the appetite and strengthens the digestion.

9. Birong, and more especially spirituous in the conduct of the owner, as you can see the next work and the conduct of the owner, as you can see the next in the property of the owner, as you can see the next in a cast the world over, as you can see the next in the property of the owner, as you can see the next in the owner of the owner, as you can see the next in a cast the world, and highly and the owner of the owner, as you can see the next in a cast the world owner, as you can see the next in a cast the world owner, as you can see the next in the owner of the owner, as you can see the next in the owner of the owner, as you can see the next in the owner of the owner, as you can see the next in the owner of the owner, as you can see the next in the owner of the owner, as you can see the next in the owner of the owner, as you can see the next in the owner of the owner, as you can see the next in the owner of the owner, as you can see the next in the owner of the owner, as you can see the next in the owner of the owner, as you can see the next in the owner of the owner, as you can see the next in the owner of the owner, as you can see the next in the owner of the owner, as you can see the next in the owner of the owner, as you can see the next in th

The Function of the Mich.—A discussed imagination is the usual concomitant of a torpid stomach. There is no complaint to which hamanity is subject which the dappestic does not at different times suppose that he has, or is about to have. The only way to disabuse the safferer's mind of these function, which are restition to him, is to infuse life and vigor into his dignetive organs, and the most potent preparation for this purpose is Hosenwran's Kromacu Hirvans. There is no affection of the stomach, no irregularity of the liver or disorder of the howels, consequent upon indigestion, for which it is not an absolute specific. During the twenty-dive years that it has been the standard tonic and alterative of America, millions of dyspeptics have recovered their health and the capacity to empy life by the safe and of this who besome and escrebing vegetable preparation. As an assimilant and an anti-tifions agent, a remedy for insattude, debility, nervousness and morbid funcies, there has never been anything comparable to it in any age or country. any age or country.

SCIENTIFIC AND SAFE TREATMENT.

When applied with Dr. Pierce's Naeal Douche and accompanied with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as constitutional treatment, Dr. Suge's Catarrh Remedy produces perfect cures of the worst cases of Catarrh and Onarna of many years'standing. This thorough course or medication constitutes the only scientific, rational, safe and successful manner of treating this oftion disease: that has ever be en offered to the afflicted. So successful has it proves that the proprietor has long offered a standing reward of \$500 for a case of Catarrh which he cannot cure.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCHOPULA, ULCERS.

CHNONIC RESUMATION, ENTRIPELAS. EIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER

COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,

to him, and presently passing through a stone gateway, brought him into a ceme-

RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN AND BRAUTIPUL COMPLET

Sold by Druggista. Price \$1 per Bottle

DR. RADWAY'S PERFECT PURGATIVE PS

Perfectly harteless, elegantly coated, to of all disorders of the stomach, liver, howe on.

Bladder, nervous diseases, headache, echot as, bladder, nervous diseases, bladder, nervous diseases, bladders fever, inflammation of the bowels, pires, and all derangements of the internal viscers. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 16 cents per box. Sold by Druggists. DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warres St.,

Rose State

10 Sold

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PEILABELPHIA, SATURBAY, FEB. \$1, 1874.

TERMS-Always in Advance.

Englishment would work to the state of the control of the control

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

So. 819 Wainst Street, Philadelphia

TO BEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS.

We call attention to the advertisement of a double-cylinder Press. It is a very good press for regular work, being the one upon which this paper was printed until a few years back. We should have continued to use it, only the necessity of very careful work on our large engravings, rendered the single cylinder preferable. For a paper that does not use large engravings, and has a tolerably large circulation, a double-cylinder is the best that can be used.

SIMPLICITY THE FASHION.

Decidedly it is so this winter. Even peo-ple who feel no pecuniary pressure, and who certainly get more for their money than they have been able to do at any time since the panic of 1857, curtail their ex-penses, and insist upon economy in their shopping, and atmly simplicity generally almost as much as those who are obliged to. More simple ways of receiving com-pany prevail in the large cities;—much more enjoyable ways they are too. The prominence given to feasting and dressing, the profusion and wate that have charac-terized party-giving the last few years, were barbaric if not vulgar. A more refined taste now marks the reunions of the best society. The real end of sociable, intelligent interconce is better attained without the great expense that used to be considered necessary. Elegance and com-fort and social enjoyment are all on the side of economy.

side of economy.

In dress, also, the prevailing taste for simplicity is pure gain. The old times when everybody wore meriness in winter and muslins in summer are back again. when everyleady and makine in summer are back again. Manufacturers have sought not married and makines became the cut of ladies' and gentlemen's wear, that an ingenious girl can ripup and turn an old overcoat and make for berself a stylich English walking jacket, facing with silk, and ornamenting with but tons ad libitum. On dark-blue cloth, steel and cyclized silver buttons look well; gilt harmonize with dark green and brown; and smoked pearl, rubber, jet, or black wood are suitable for black cloth.

The fashion of buttons that button no-

wood are suitable for black cloth.

The fashion of buttons that button nothing is found useful in making over old dreases, as they give an unmistakable air of freshness and style. For instance the front breadth of a dress defaced by wear or accident may be replaced by one of another color, black silk or some harmonious shade, pockets and cuffs and ruff-lining of the same, and buttons of a well-chosen the same, and buttons of a well-chosen kind up the front and freely used for a last finish generally. This tablier or apron style is too convenient to be readily given

There is nothing exactly new in style or trimming. When dresses are repaired or made over, (an unusually large proportion of the dressmaker's work at present, they come out with the grace of simplicity. In that their newness chiefly consists. It is much easier for ladies to make their own dresses now that a redingote is the right thing. With a good pattern, the way is plain. While the polonaise prevailed, even professionals complained of its laborious and puzzling complications; finding it, with purrling complications; finding it, with all their experience, a difficult and doubt-

There is one really new fashion—the shape of boots;—broad, low heels, broad our times snape of boots;—broad, how heels, broad soles, and square lose—the same material need for men as women, constitute an im-portant change, made in obedience to the most enlightened physiological require-ments. The high breefs and narrow soles, making the second by the second constitution of the making the second constitution of the second cons making the ladies walk lamely as if on hoofs, did incalculable mischief. Now, the much abused feet have a chance to re-

cover, where recovery is possible.

The Anti-Fashion Convention at Vine-The Anti-Fashion Convention at Vine-land does not seem to have done much, as the conclusion of all the discussion and pre-sentation of reformed contames was only-that sensible women everywhere always had dressed to suit their occupation, and always would do so; and that the con-spicacus short dress, a foot from the ground, is no better for practical purposes than that ordinarily worn by busy women; or at least not enough better to compen-sate for its ugliness.

8. P.

Prosperous Establishment

th great pleasure we note the pron-of that sparking daily paper, the sy City Item. Colonel Greene, of Transcript, says that Colonel Fitz-id has invested fifty-six thomsand are in machinery in three years. The lock Lightning Press alone cost twenty-thomsand dollars with its same.

in machinery in three years. The
Lightning Press alone cost twentyusund dollars, with its running gear,
sems a big price—but the paper is
lay concern, sometimes as many
, eight, nine and ten editions being
Next fall they propose to publish
four o'clock) morning edition,
il be literally all-day. It is the
of its peculiar kind probably in
May its shadow never be less.

nan!—Though you be sprung in se from Heronies, if you show a meanness, that long uncreasion here whom you disgrace are so meson against you; and this grand father teamshed givery but serves pour ignominy more ovident.

COUNTRY HOUSES.

Probably no one man in America has had so much to do with the improvement of the people's taste in domestic architecture as A. J. Downing. So decided and general is the good taste now displayed in country houses and suburban dwellings, that one can hardly realize the absurd failures of twenty years ago, when, as Downing said—

twenty years ago, when, as Downing and—
"Nothing is more common in some parts of the
constry than to see the cocknerium of three-story
town houses violating the beauty and simpletty of
country life. In our own neighborhoud, there is a
brick house standing in the midst of gardens and
orchards, which has a frust and rear pierced with
windows, but only hinnix wall at the sides; looking,
in fact, precisely as if lifted out of a three-sizery row
in a well pecked city streed, and moddenly dropped
in the midst of a green field in the country, full of
wonder and contempt, like a true cockney, at the
strance-ness and dutness of all around it. forfing a
drive on Long Island last autonus, we now will
pain and mortification, the soluribus ville, side
wealthy citizen a narrow, uninitalabile
wealthy citizen a narrow, uninitalabile
avenithy citizen a narrow, uninitalabile
avenithy citizen a narrow, uninitalabile
avenithy of the seemed, in its forformous, and otter
want of harmony with all about it, as if it that
strayed out of town, in a fit of insanity, and had
lost the power of getting lock agetic.

Noch postables may occur now in be-

strayed out of town, in a fit of tosanity, and had toot the power of getting back again.

Such mistakes may occur now in benighted places, but it seems hardly possible. Downing's life-work in the cause of beauty, short as it was, has been telling through all these years in the tasteful homes for the people, everywhere to be seen. Cut off from this life prematurely by a steamboat accident, his work has gone on the same; such was the impetus given it by his genius and faithful industry while on earth. The most charming little homes are every year springing up, made charming, not by pling on expense, but simply by allowing the idea of beauty to have some play in the construction. The little faucy touches, now so common Downing advocated on the ground of appropriateness.

"Verandahs, piarnes, hay-windows, ladconies,

"Verandaha, piazzas, hay windows, balcenies, &c., are the most valuable general truths in home-ic Architecture; they capress domestic baltistics more strongly because they are chiefly confined to our own dwellings."

our own dweitings."

The perception of this truth that rural architecture is much more a sentiment than a science, and that people building for themselves unconsciously throw something of their own character into their dwellings, is shown in the style new popular. The Greek temple in white marble is no longer taken for the model of a house to live in; rather those quaint and homelike middle sge edifices, where the roof is boldly shown and rendered ornamental, the windows a very prominent feature, and the comfort and pleasure of climate and home considered. No man now thinks it a fine thing to make his dwelling a reduced copy of the l'arthenon.

S. P.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

THEN AND NOW.

Lately I resurrected the jolliest old document from a pile of papers which had been long since abandoned to dust and the paper moths. It was nothing more nor less than a copy of the ancient, famous, and time-honored line Laws of Connecticut. I read it all through twice, and every half minute or so I felt constrained to stop and thank the good Lord that he didn't permit me to be born in those times. How would you have liked to live, my dear young lady friend, at an age when you were forbidden by law to wear any long the bore two shiftings a yard shall be fined by the selectman "at

by law to wear any lace above two shillings a yard shall be fined by the selectinan "at the rate of three hundred pound estate." Think of that, madam, next time you buy a silk dress so stiff it will stand alone, and trim it with lace at fifteen dollars a yard! Here is another, and when we remember that the May flower folks, and nearly sill those first New Englanders came to America to enjoy liberty of conscience, "freedom to worship God," the poetess has it, when we remember that, this law sounds rather queer; "No one shall be a freeman or give a vote, unless he be converted or a neember in free communion of one of the ber in free communion of one of the churches allowed in this dominion." Think ber in tree communion or one of the churches allowed in this dominion." Think of that again! I know everand everso many people who fall down and worship the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers because, formooth! they established liberty of conscience. That was exactly what they didn't do, you perceive. They came over from England, set up their own form of worship, and declared that everybody in the colony should worship their way or suffer for it. That was liberty of conscience with a vengeance. Those old Pilgrim Fathers were exceedingly excellent old gentlemen, and deserve all the credit in the world for the good they did, but don't let ustalk about "liberty of conscience." in connection with them. Dear me, no! Believe my way or clear out—that was their liberty of conscience.

Just look at these two more, and think if the world basn't moved since then from and man t moved since then: "No food and lodging shall be allowed to a Quaker, Adamite or other heretio." "If any person turn Quaker, he shall be banished and not suffered to return on pain of DEATH." Read that and contrast it with our lines when the Quakers at en the Quakers are the most beloved and respected of people, when twenty different phases of belief are often represented in the churches of a single town, when America is almost wide exough represented in the churches of single town, when America is almost wide enough for every possible honest and upright religious belief, read that and thank Heaven that the world moves. Quakers, Raptist heretics, and many other sorts of heretics have become eminently respectable since those days. And here's one that will make you laugh to read it. You'd never guess that such a ridiculous thing would come into any human creature's head to make a law about: "No woman shall kies her child on Sai-bath or fasting day." Think of having a dear little innocent sweet baby, with bright, merry eyes, loving, canning ways, and a sweet little birds voice, and you wouldn't dare kies that blessed baby on Sanday! Inn't toutrageous, abominable, laughable? I wonder if they thought it was wicked to kies a baby on Sanday? And on fasting days, too, when you have to pray all day long, and daren't have anything to est, a woman was forbidden by law to kies her child, couldn't even have the pleasure of kiesing her haby when she came home hungry from church. Wasn't it beathenish? And why did they have a particular spite at womankind, in the kiesing business? What isn't specially she came home hungry from church. Wash it is heatherish? And why did they have a particular spite at womankind, in the kinsing business? What isn't specially forbidden is of course tactily permitted, and therefore a man might has his baby on Sunday all he wanted to, and never a word said. I wonder why they let the father him the baby all he pleased, on Sunday, and wouldn't let its mother do the same? I can't see for my life what was the "object and intent" of that iaw. And seeing that the reversed Pilgrim Fathers forbade a mother to kim her baby of a Banday, I wonder what the same joily old chaps thought about aparking Sunday night? I have been unable to discover whether that was forbidden too, or not. Then again, read this one, which seems to me nearly as semesiess as that one about kinning a baby:—"No minister shall keep a school." What was the particular objection to allowing a reverend gentleman to teach young ideas how to shoot? It seems exceedingly queer in these days when it is supposed that no young ladies seminary is quite so desirable as one presided ever by a good Christian minister, who is popularly believed to top-dress the intellectual stainments of a young lady with a beautiful and peculiar polish of picty. In our times a minister can "keep school" as much as a piesses, and many of our very best educators are ministers. Indeed, it would seem that a well-educated, live minister, who isn't an iron-sided old bigot, ould, better than almost anybody else, give that moral instruction which ought always to go with intellectual learning.

moral instruction which ought always to go with intellectual learning.

What numbers and numbers of laws it took to keep people straight then, to be sure: They had to be tied up as tight as the celebrated Davenport brothers when they give a dark cabinet exhibition. It is absolutely asionishing, too, what quantities and quantities of things were wicked then which are not a bit wicked now-days, but on the contrary are altogether proper and right. Look at all this lot of things which you wouldn't have been allowed to do if you had lived a hundred and fifty years or as ago: "No one shall read common prayer, keep Christmas or Stain's day, make minor pics, dance, play on any instrument of music, except the dram, trumpet, or jowharp." Only think how dreadful it would have been never to have been allowed to eat any minoc-pies. Minoc-pies and Christmas were sternly forbidden. I remember when I was little, that my grandfather, then a very old man, always discouraged the celebration of Christmas among his children and grand-children, on religious grounds. They must have had a heavenly concord of sweet sounds among the old Flix, I think, if they didn't have any sort of music, except the jowsharp. Hecause, in the way of sweet sounds among the old Flix, I think, if they didn't have any sort of music, except the jowsharp. Hecause, in the way of sweet sounds there isn't anything this side of a pig under a gate, so absolutely exernciating to the civilized ear as a rasping, twanging, soraping jowsharp. Positively there ian't. It fairly makes my eyes water with agony to hear one. How it must have sounded, when liached and John and Reuben and Prudence and Miles Standish and the other young folks met together socially of an evening, to hear Miles Standish and the other young folks met together socially of an evening, to hear Miles Standish and the other young folks met together socially of an evening, to hear Miles Standish and the other young folks met together socially of an evening, to hear Miles Standish and the other young fol with intellectual learning.

What numbers and numbers of laws it dence and Miles Standish and the other young folks met together socially of an evening, to hear Miles Standish say to Prudence: "I pray you, let us have some music, and songs of Zion," and then have all the company bring out their jewsharps and all together go to buzzing away like a lot of mud-wasps under a kitchen eaverough! Giory! I'm glad I didn't live in those days.

But bure's the folicat old fallow of all.

those days.

But here's the jollicat old fellow of all, which I've saved to close with, so as to impress it on your mind; and between ourselves I don't know but it would be an improvement if modern people had kept up that old law to this day. This is it: "Married persons shall live together, or be imprisoned." How would that suit the dog-and-cat yoke-fellows who scratch and snarl at each other under the matrimonial yoke, and every tittle while dry off at a tangent and prisoned. How would that and the dogand-eat yoke-fellows who scratch and snart
at each other under the matrimonial yoke,
and every little while fly off at a tangent and
separate, each going to torment his and
her particular relations with his and her
particular devitiry. I tell you I've and
so much of they are table up that old law
to this day. At least Im sore it would be
a most delightful thing and merciful thing
for the poor unhappy relations of the dogand-eat people who marry and then are
too ugly to live together. If they are too
ugly to live together, they are surely too
ugly to live with anybody clae.
But except that law requiring married
people to disturb only one household with
their little discussions, there is but just
one advantage the old Pils, had over the
people of our times. Folks didn't have
any nerves in those days. I have searched
diligently, and have not found a single instance recorded where anybody had any

stance recorded where anybody had any nerves. Zfci.

Nore - It is only fair to say that it has been denied that the old Puritans had any such law as that quoted by Zig, relating to a mother kissing her children on Sunday. Some contend that it, and the one forbidding a husband to kiss his wife on Sunday, are inventions of the enemy.—Editor of The Post

Passages from F. W. Robertson. I believe that the great leason for us to learn, every day it seems more true to me, is this: God and my own soul: there is nothing else in this world I will trust to for the truth. To those alone we are amenable for judgment, to Him and to His voice within us. From all else we must appeals. Only we must not appeal so haughtily as we are sometimes tempted to do in independence, but not in pride.

And as to the eternal question, "Is it well with the child?" We know of him, what is all that we can ever know of any one removed beyond the veil which shelters the unseen from the prying of curioaity, that he is in the hands of the Wise and Loving. Spirit has mingled with spirit. A child, more or less erring, has gone home. Unloved by his l'ather lieve it who may, that will not I.

The fact is, we have one thing, and only one to do here on earth, to earn the character of heaven before we die. This is practical and simple to understand. We annot do it alone, but the Spirit's agency is given us under our present dispensation to mould us by his influence into the image of God.

Religious superstitions take the man-bood from the breast, the self-reliance and the trust in (lod, leaving behind a restless attempt to propitiate fickle, capricious, malicious beings, whose only superiority lies in power. The worship of power singly is always a degrading worship; submission to caprice is always de-moralizing—submission producing tricki-ness, subtlety, and trust in cunning rather than in rectitude.

DE VRIES. A LEGEND OF THE DELAWARE

BY MENRY PETERSON.

Past the Jersey coast of inlet and har, Unshivered in sail, unshattered in spat He sailed up the hay of the Belaware,

Not even the maiden whose life he bore. Through the tumuit of waves to the triumpe

He reached Fort Oplandt's wooden wall-Science bay on it like a pail; There was no sound of laugh or call.

Fire-marks were on the roof and door, Stiff, naked forms by an the floor, His friends would welcome him no mo * Sad greeting this?" said bold be Vries. When, like a sun-ray, from the trees, A maiden flashed, and chaped his knees.

Before the weary weeks of store Her eyes the soft eyes of the do " Ha!" cried De Vries, "my Indian maid. Rise up, my child, nor be atraid," She glanced around upon the dead.

In broken speech she told their fate-flow trifing quarreis grew to great; Thi blossomed the red flower of bate

That eve, before the set of sun, Of all that stood around, not on Might live to say, the day is don "Fly, fly at once—on the broad be You even yet may safely stay. For me, I go now my own way

"Back to my tribe—who, if they see Me come—the knife my doom will be But I would give my life for thee,"

She knelt once more and clasped his knees, Then vanished in the encircling trees. "Forewarted, forearmed!" said brave De Vries. The sunset came, and all the wood Shone crimson, as if dyed with blood. Upon their deck the white-men stood.

Soon from the trees the red foe came, Bearing their gifts of malze and game, Peace on their lips, their hearts a flam

They reach the ship—they cluster now I pon the fore-deck and the prow; De Vrice stands near with stormy brow

"Move but an inch, and by the Lord, I'll give you up to gun and sword!" The red-men knelt, but spoke no word. "Wretches! the God who dwells on high, And speaks in thunder from the sky, Has warned me of this acted lie.

"Your lives are mine—to take or spare What say you?" I p then rose the Bear, t hief of Mohegane—grand his air. We see our father is wise and great-tia white hand holds the bolts of fat-lanitou hates whom he doth hate,

"It thou wilt spare our lives this day, Henceforth we'll serve thee and obey, And be thy friends, come what come may rhelr captain's brow a glory wore."

Ah, blood unspilled! in the after years, No barvest was reaped of blood and tears; No bizzing homes, no midnight fears. When came good Penn with his brother band, He found a happy and peacetul land, Where white man and red dwell hand in hand.

All honor then to the brave De Vrica; Let us suatch his name from time's dull seas, And bear it shoft in the sun and breeze.

Let the Delaware, as its waters flow Where Fort Oplandt stood in the long-ago, And the Indian rosmed with hatchet and bow;

The Murder of the Innocenta.

The New York Sun, in a late issue says-The New York Sun, in a late issue says—
"Yesterday afternoon Coroner Croker inwestigated the circumstances attending the
death of David White, the schoolboy who
on Tuesday committed suicide by hanging.
Young White lived with his parents at 146
Rivington street. He was not twelve years
of age, and had two brothers, one older and
the other younger than himself. The trio
attended the Alien street public school, and
he was considered by his teachers, as well
as his parents, a very intelligent child. He
was studious, and outstripped boys older
than himself. He was recently promoted than himself. He was recently promoted to a higher class, and at this point his troubles began. He was unable to keep pace with his classinates, and disheariened by his failure, he grew careless, and neglected his studies, a course which soon by his failure, he grow careless, and neglected his studies, a course which soon
sent him to the foot of his class. At length
he told his mother he would like to quit
the school and go to business as a newsloy.
This she refused to permit, and he was
compelled to return to school. Finally as
a punishment for his carelessness his
teacher placed his name on the blackboard
as that of an imperfect student, and left it
there for the inspection of the whole
school. He was a proud, high-spirited
boy, and the publicity thus given to his
shortcomings, together with the recollection of his former successes, affected him
keeniy. On Tuesday morning, before
school time, he told his brothers that he
intended to end his life, adding that he had

malicious beings, whose only superiority lies in power. The worship of power singly is always a degrading worship of power singly is always a degrading worship is submission to caprice is always demoralizing—submission producing trichiness, subtilety, and trust in cunning rather than in rectitude.

The deep under-tone of this world is sadness, a soleum bass occurring at meanated intervals, and heard through all other tones. Ultimately, all the strains of this world's music resolve themselves into that tone; and I believe that, rightly felt, the cross, and the cross alone, interprete the mournful mystery of life, the sorrow of the highest, the Lord of Life; the result of error and sin, but ultimately remedial, purifying and exalting.

We He who loves goodness harbors angels, reveres reverence, and lives with God. The less we have to do with our sina, the better. No man can aford to waste his momenta in compunctions. The divine effort is never relaxed; the carrioon in the sun will convert itself to grass and flowers; and man, though in hrothels, or jails, or on gibbeds, is on his way to all that is good and true. Everything is superficial, and perishes, but love and truth only. — Kmerwon, in the sun work of the first horror of the single with the body of her son hanging before her. Under the first horror of the line of the propose. The two brothers told him he must be cray to talk so; they looked upon his words as mere childish bravado, not draming that he was serious, and thought to more of it until subsequent events showed how thoroughly in earnest he was when he untired them.

"In the afternoon his mother heard him when the flowers and she became and so ver, and she supposed he had gone to leave his books in the bedroom. Fifteen minutes passed and she became at the heart man the was subtiled heart man the was subtiled heart man the was subsequent events when he miss down the remaining that he might perhaps the was subsequent events when he is itself to be from the flowers and the order of the mount of the firs

and another instance of the morbid sensitiveness that seems to be a consequent characteristic of A merican children. Two persons are feeling the weight of remorse upon their souls—falling with a swift horror of condemnation in the shock of that child's death—the poor mother and the teacher; one thoughtlessly thrusting him to the wall, the other pinning him there with that blackboard diagrace. Yet both were entirely innocent of any deliterate intent to harm. They only wanted sense. They only brought to bear upon a tender child the inexorable enginery of iron rules, giving not a thought apparently to the quivering little heart those rules were torturing, to the overstrung nerves, preternaturally sonsitive through years of mental effort beyond his strength, and at last, strained to their numest, snapping the thread of a life grown hateful. Why had not the mother that small grain of wisdom, or if not wisdom, feeling for her boy, that would move her to grant his request? To quit school and go into business as a newboy was exactly the kind of change he needed. Freedom and out-door activity would have saved him. But he was thrust back into torment, and the high-pressure engine turning its last screw of undeserved, unendurable humiliation, finished the work of destruction. Poor little mortal! They made the world too much for him at the very outset—these zealous inquisitors, who fancy themselves educators.

How much longer is this forcing, cramming folly of the school aspisen to last? For at least twenty years the Powr has been warning against it, only ceasing to cry out because it seemed that everything had been said; but it is like water dropping on a rock—it mars go on dropping forever to make an impression.

One of the deepest, broadest thinkers among us, the other day startled his congregation by saying that the schools, as so many of them, capecially in the cities, are managed, were doing more harm than intemperance, or war, or slavery, or any other giant evil in the world. He will read a new confirmation of his v

OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

On the morning of the 3d of February, the people of Conshohocken who went past Mr. Muffler's house, saw him out in the front yard raising the American flag on the flag pole. Then he put a pack of fire crackers in a barrel, and when they had exploded, Muffler fired his double-barrelled gnn two or three times: then he emptied his revolver and taking off his hat gave three oheers. Then he set off more fire crackers, fired three or four more salutes and gave some additional cheers. By this time a vast crowd had assembled and his operations were witnessed with amazement not only by the outsiders but by the Muffler family who were gathered at the front windows. Mrs. Muffler thought he was insane, and this opinion was abared by the crowd. Finally a policeman was called in, and that official, waiting until Muffler's gun was empty, dodged into the yard and arrested him.

"What do you mean by this outrace:"

"What do you mean by this outrage?"
domanded Muffler.
"Never you mind," said the officer;
"you come along now and go to the
asylum."
"Asylum!" abricked Muffler. "What
d'you mean, you accounded?"

"Asylum!" shricked Muffler. "What d'you mean, you acoundrel?"
"Why you're insane." said the policeman, "and your family want to put you where you'll do no barm. It's dangerous for a lunatic to carry on the way you've been doin with them gans and things."
"Why you fool, I was celebrating Washington's birthday," asid Muffler.
"That stoo thin! Washington's birthday! I guess not—this is only the 3d of February!"

"I tell you it isn't," said Muffler. "This

"I tell you it isn't," said Muffler. "This morning's paper says it is Washington's birthday. Come in the house and I'll show it to you."

When they got into the house, Muffler produced the paper and pointed triumphantly to an editorial beginning "This is the birthday of the Inmortal Washington." Then the policeman took a lock at the paper, and then he laughed. It was a paper of Februray 223, 1873. Mrs. Mufler and taken it out of the closet upon the preceding evening, and Muffler imagined that it was the paper of the morning of February 3d, 1874. He will not celebrate the 224 when it does come. His enthusiasm is cooler than it was.

—A Boston paper of high character

—A Boston paper of high character stated on Thursday last that "the population of the world is one thousand three hundred millions of people." Of course this calculation must have been made on Wednesday so that it could go in Thursday's paper, and therefore Mrs. Briggs's twins, which were born on Thursday morning, could not have been counted to Wednesday has been counted to Wednesday been counted to Wednesday has been counted to we were the wednesday has been counted to we were the weak h twins, which were born on Thursday morning, could not have been counted in. We may therefore estimate the population of the world to be one thousand three hundered millions and two. If statistics are to have any value at all they must be exact, and we make this correction, not only for the sake of preventing the dissemination of erroneous intelligence, but to avoid burting the feelings of Mrs. Briggs, who regards her twins as by far the must important personages of all the millions referred to.

ferred to.

—isseentiy it occurred to Mr. Smiley, of Darby, that it would be a good thing to go out to see if he couldn't shoot a rabbit for two. He always kept his gun loaded and ready in the corner of the room, so he merely shouldered it and went out. After a while he saw a rabbit, and taking aim, he pulled the trigger. The gun falled to go of. Then he pulled the other trigger,

the situation she was incapable of action; she could only shrick for help, and in a few moments another woman, an immate of the house, was by her side. Bhe at once draw a pair of eciseors from her pocket, and with some difficulty severed the strap by which the boy was suspended. Dr. George V. Skiff, of 22 Norfolk street, was summoned, and learning that the body could not have been hanging more than a quarter of an hour, he was encouraged to hope that resuscitation might he possible. He applied an electric bettery, and endeavored to produce artificial respiration, but he failed.

"A book strap had been passed through a hole in the upper panel and carried over the door and back into the room. To this a second strap was attached with the end passed through the benck; thus forming a noose which escircled the neck. This noose was not drawn tight, but fastened at the beckie. A chair was lying on the failed, "the failed, the second strap had been passed through the benck; thus forming a noose which escircled the neck. This noose was not drawn tight, but fastened at the beckie. A chair was lying on the floor, and from this the boy had evidently dropped, upsetting it either at that time or by his subsequent straggles. The neck was not broken. The verdict was simply suicide by hanging."

Another victim of the false, unnatural scheme of schooling, miscelled education, and another instance of the morbid sensitiveness that seems to be a consequent characteristic of American children. Two persons are feeling the weight of remores upon their souls—falling with a swift horror of condemnation in the shock of that child's death—the poor nother and the teacher; one thoughtlessly thrusting him to the walt, the other pinning him there with that blackboard diagrace. Yet both were entirely innocent of any deliterate intent to harm. They only wanted aems.

They only brought to bear upon a tender child the inexorable enginery of iron rules, giving not a thought apparently to the

-Mr. Collamore's child was baptized at our church the other day, and when he came to the minister with it, the clergy-

our church the other day, and when he came to the minister with it, the clergy-man said to him in a low voice:

"Tell me its name. I'm ready to begin."

"Twins!" exclaimed Mr. Collamore, who is as deaf as ever. "Twins! gracious! we haven't got twins. This is the only one, I assure you."

"No, no," said the pastor, "I say we ought to begin."

"Forty twins? I don't understand you," said Collamore, "I merely want you be baptize this child, you understand."

"I asked you what was its name," said the minister, in despair. "What do you call it?"

"No, sir, it don't bawl a bit. It's the quietest baby you ever see."

"What—is—the—name—of—the—child?" asked the clergyman.

"Oh, never mind its dress," said Collamore, "we don't mind if it is sp'iled. Bp'ile it as much as you choose. The baby don't mind a little water."

"What do you call the child? What's its name?" shrisked the minister.

"No, we're not going to call her Mary Jane," said Collamore, promptly. "We did think of Louisa, but I believe Mrs. Collamore finally settled on Cleopatra."

Then the clergyman baptized the child "Cleopatra." And old Collamore, after answering the questions all in the wrong places, shuffled down the aisle after the baby, wondering what on earth the congregation were langhing at. Ho will ruin that church, if he remains in it.

gregation were laughing at. He will ruin that church, if he remains in it.

Mr. Hugerine of Single County, is in the county. He was candidate for coroney and he thought he might promote his interests by getting all the women upon his side, so he went around visiting them and kissing their babies. He was unfortunate in two instances. Once he picked up a baby that was playing upon a docratep, and was about to hiss it, when the mother saw him. She imagined he was a kidnapper, and as she was a red-haired woman with a hot temper she darted at Huggins with a broomhandle and made things very sonsational for him for a few moments until he could explain himself. Subsequently he kissed Mrs. Jones's beby, which had the measles, and then he kissed fourteen other babies, every one of which was down with the measles before night, having caught the disease from Huggins. He lost fourteen votes by that operation, and six of the fathers have sued him for the amount of their doctor's bills. Huggins was not elected, and when he runs again he will conduct the campaign on a different basis.

Hymn Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni.

[From the German of Friederike Brun.]

From the German of Friederike Brun. |
We call the attention of our readers to the following poeu, which no doubt suggested to Coleridge, at a time when German literature was not so well known to the outside world as at present, his own magnificent hymn on the same subject. Every one acquainted with the English poet will notice that his work is, to a degree, but a translation, though certainly a wonderful one, and which, perhaps, is better than the original:

From the deep shadow of the still fir groves
Trembling I look to thee, eternal height!
Thou dazzing summit from whose top my soul
Foats, with dimmed vision, to the infinite.

Who sank in earth's firm lap the pillars deep Which hold through ages thy vast pite in pie Who reared on high, in the clear ether's vault Lofty and strong, thy ever radiant face?

Who poured you forth, ye mountain torrents wild, Bown thundering from eternal winter's breast? And who commanded, with simighty voice, "Here let the stiff ning billows find their rest?"

Who points to youder morning star his path?
Borders with wreaths of flowers the eternal it.
To whom, in awful music, cries thy stream,
Oh, wild Arveiron? in Serce tumnit tost?

Jehovah.' God.' bursts from the crashing fee, The avalanche thunders down its steeps the call; Jebovah.' rustle soft the bright free tops, Whisper the silver brooks that murmaring fall,

ITALIAN RAILROADS.

A correspondent writing from Italy says: "Her railroads are magnificent structures, the waiting-rooms elegantly freecoed, and the seats of the finest silk velvet. When the train stope for dinner they give you one hour to eat your meal. The railroad beds are the smoothest I have ever ridden over; the embankments are all built of solid masonry of the most substantial nature, and the bridges are all massive stone. If the bridges embankments and read beds of the New York Central Railroad were built like those of the High Italy Railway, that road, with its immense revenues, could not pay a half the High Italy Railrond were built like those of the High Italy Railway, that road, with its immense revenues, could not pay a half per cent. dividend on the cost of its construction. The expense of running railroads in Italy is enormous. Every ton of coal is bought in England, costing ten dollars per ton, and transported at an enormous cost to Italy. The system is admirable. Of course I do not like the carriages; but in every other respect they excel us Americans. It is impossible for a traveller to get into the wrong train or car, even if he does not speak a word of either French or Italian. Every man connected with a railroad wears a uniform, and the guard lifts his hat to you as he politicly examines your ticket. I have travelled nearly 4,000 miles in Europs, on many different roads, and I never missed a train or knew one to be five minutes behind time. Barely such facts attest the excellence of the railway system in Italy."

Commen

21, 1874.

ifr. Smiley and them, pless of the powder and wanother gain. The he put on oo. Then less again, at a fence. In Then his rage he a effort to the forty. y thought gibe match barrels is nervous and withhing him likin any-ave been

in first-

tized at when he clergy.

begin,"

say we d you," you to " said do you t's the shild?" Colla. p'iled. What's Mary Ve did Colla-

child after

is in

LOVE'S INDECISION.

While Mande stood by the garden gate And Lucie in the door above, I loitered in the moonlight late, Loth which to choose to be my love. For Mande seemed like a wild-flower fair, Robed in her soft, white, fleecy dress, And Lucie had a wealth of hair With gold bound in each braided tress.

Naude had a check fresh as a rose, And Lucle had bine, love-lit eyes; But then Maude had a Grecian nose, Though Lucle was sodate and wise.

Whether he had been really insensible,

whether he had been really insensible, or only feighing with the hope of an opportunity of escape, could not be told. At any rate his senses quickly returned when the rope passed in tightening lengths round his wrists. His feet were also shackled, so that it was impossible for him to make a long star.

so that it was impossible for him to make a long step.

He rose from his prostrate position at the harsh command of his captor, glancing round the luridly illuminated throng with a lowering, savage expression that tokened ill for them should they ever fall into his power. Particularly when his eyes fell on the form of the diagnised man who had guided his enemies into the depths of his stronghold, did the savage nature of the desperado burn in its full fary from their fierce depths, and if looks had been fatal Ned Gordon must have fallen dead on the spot. power. Particularly when his eyes fell on the form of the diaguised man who had guided his enemies into the depths of his stronghold, did the savage nature of the desperado burn in its full fary from their ferred elpths, and if looks had been fail. Ned Gordon must have fallen dead on the spot.

He spoke not, however, but awaited in sullen dignity the will of his captors.

"Now let's look after the fellow here that the dog's got in limbo," said Crockett, advancing toward the motionless man.
The light-carrier threw the gleam of his pan upon the form of the fallen robber.

"About as I expected," said the hunter, after a momentary glance. "Whirlwind don't do nothing by halves. That poor devil has give us all the trouble he's like to."

"Why 2" said Raldwin preserving more in the shoulder. "But I dunno what the continuous properties of the party, looking curiously to were his shoulder. "But I dunno what the continuous properties of the party, looking curiously to were his shoulder. "But I dunno what the continuous properties were provided by the particular motice of what I am going to say. Will you just pull out that price of canvas that lies in the back part of the lower drawer."

"It's a canvas bag, "said the man, drawing it out and examining it."

"Exactly. Hold it up to the light. See if there is any lettering on it."

"There's some figgers here, but I never was good at figgers."

"What shall we do with the corpse?"

"What shall we do with the corpse?"
asked Baldwin, in an awe-stricken tone.

"Drag it a bit to the side, and leave it there. There's not a dee, per or a better grave than this to be had. It's only good look saved one of us from being the mark for his bullet, but the poor rascal's past harm now."

The eyes of the prisoner were fixed with a kind of fascination upon the corpse, while an expression of horror filled his face. Some thought of the menscing and to his own wicked course of life seemed to have come upon him in the dreadful fate of his accomplice, and he appeared to be secking in vain to withdraw his glance from the enerimsoned spectacle.

A look of relief crossed his face when they had drawn the corpse out of his line of vision, into the shadowy depths of the apartment, and the expression of remorse and horror was replaced by the old glare of hatred and revengeful feeling.

"Where's this workshop of the rascals? asked Crockett, turning 5: the guide.

"Not far on. A few steps will bring us to it."

men exultingly.
"What is it?" asked another.
"A drawer full of gold. The biggest
pile I ever seed in my born days."

" How much?" "A clever hundred thousand, I should

recko You'd reckon rather steeply then," said Gordon, with some contempt in his tone. "There is not more than five thou-

and at the most."
"What do you know about it?" asked the other, angrily.
"I've handled more gold than you ever

"In course I do."
"I want you all to bear these points in mind, for they are very important."
"But what the thunder are you a-driving

"Hat what the thunder are you a-driving at, stranger?"

"This money does not belong to us, nor to the counterfeiters. It was stolen by them, about three months ago, from the Leather Bank of Louisville."

"How do you know that?" asked another of the men. "One piece of gold is pretty much like another."

"I know it for several reasons. In the first place, I came to this part of the country on the track of the robbers of that gold. In the second, Jack Henderson, the leader of this gang, and the man whom Crockett has got in rope-handcuffs out there, is the thief who stole it. In the third place, this is the bag that held it at the time it was stolen. It has the bank mark on it, and can be identified by any of the officers."

"I've heered of that robbery," said the first speaker.

violently from the hands of the man who held it, and disappeared quickly in the wa-they had come, leaving them in total dark

But this was not the only or the most But this was not the only or the most startling result of the signal. With the last gleam of light a dark form had risen up beside the prisoner. A quick stroke of a knife released his hands from their bonds. A hasty, wriggling evolution, and only his coat remained in the hands of the man who had so firmly grasped it, while the other held but the cut end of a rope.

"Down, boys!" cried Davy. "Out with your knives, and let them have it if you feel a breath!"

They cronched none too soon. A deaf.

feel a breath:"
They crouched none too soon. A deafening roar succeeded the momentary stillness, as several rifles cracked nearly together, and three or four bullets hurtled over the spot where they had a moment before stood.

fore stood.

But a single report answered. It was the well known voice of old Betsy. Firing at the finah Davy displayed the keenness of his senses in the result of this uncertain

"Now let's look after the fellow here that the dog's got in limbo," said Crockett, advancing toward the motionless man.

The light-carrier threw the gleam of his pan upon the form of the fallen robber.

"About as I expected," said the hunter, after a momentary glance. "Whirlimbdont do nothing by halves. That poor devil has give us all the trouble he's like to."

"The man's clean bled to death. Whirlimbd varmint, and he weren't far out."

The dog's teeth has opened his jug'lar. The others crowded up and gazed with a solemn interest on the face of the dead man, that feeling which naturally arises in essing one, who an instant before was all of vigorous life, now stilled in the plice of the lower drawer."

"There's so mes figgers here, but I never was good at figgers.

"The other has opened his jug'lar. The others crowded up and gazed with a solemn interest on the face of the dead man, that feeling which naturally arises in essing one, who an instant before was all of vigorous life, now stilled in the plice of the party, is only another point I would like you to notice. Do you see that large land of vigorous life, now stilled in the plice of the man, drawing them and, the feeling howed that the interest on the face of the dead man, that feeling which naturally arises in essing one, who an instant before was all of vigorous life, now stilled in the plice of the motor devil and private the man, drawing their way to the river apide. A time that the interest on the face of the dash was not supprised the keenness of the hunters now there is any lettering on it."

"The other throw distance of the one of the party, looking curiously over his shouler. The sense is in the back part the light of the light. See if the was however, a most desperate and perilous the thunters now found themselves. Plunged into a dark new, and on the mested the hunters now found themselves. Plunged into a dark new, and the trouble he's like to a subject the keenness of the river of the fall of the hunters now found themselves. Plunged into a dar

lightly to the disheartening impulse of terror. Grasping their knives firmly they continued to crouch close to the floor of the cave, waiting in silence and desperation the unknown form of the attack which they expected to be made upon them.

The darknose and silence continued unbroken, minute after minute passed, and their nerves were strained nearly to agony in the terrible scapense of their situation. And still the momenta passed, and still their foe made no sign, and still the crouching men grauped their knives and set their teeth with the forceness of desparation.

It was evidently the intention of those on board to try to pass Brownstown without being observed.

on board to try to pass Brownstown without being observed.
They found the person whom they were
seeking at home, and perfectly ready, as
soon as he had caught an inkling of their
object, not only to lend them his boat, but
to undertake to sail it for them.
"I know the blamed crew that hannts
this place," he said. "There some of
us folt like trying lynch law on them more
than once. This reascal you are after is
one of the gang. I have seen just such a
looking fellow hanging about here. I've
known a long while that they were up to
some deviltry in the back country somewhere, though we ain't been able to find
out where. I hope Crockett may anake
them to their hole."

While thus conversing they were rapidly
making their way to the view side.

While thus conversing they were rapidly

The wind was rather fresh, and fair for their present direction, so that they swept off with a free sail, and the wind nearly

off with a free sail, and the wind nearly easiers.

These preparations, speedily as they had been made, had consumed time, and in this interval the chase had crept past the town, and was still forging ahead, with a rapid motion, under cover of the wooded western bank of the river.

The prow of the Dart, as their present craft was euphonionely entitled, was not turned directly toward the flooing vessel, but down the airceam, keeping well in to their own side.

Rob, in his impatience, was not cell pleased with this movement. He sat closely fingering his rife, and was on the point of questioning the object of the boatman when the latter volunteered an explanation.

stream, closely nuggests, a short distance above the town, was the boat they were pursuing.

She was about half a mile distant, and so blended in the shadows of overhanging trees, that only eyes sharpened by a knowledge of her probable position would have seen her.

It was evidently the intention of those "There ain't no use in you're making your-

he skilfully directed his course so as to cut the line of flight of the fugitive.

"Set down, field of Gordon," said Tom.

"There sin't no use in you're making yourself a target for rifle practice. You know that Dick Brown's a crack shot, and he mought take a fancy to pull down our crowd."

Kob was too much excited to beed the prodent advice of his companion. He continued to stand erect, leaning on his rifle, and gazing across the rapidly diminishing space between the boats with an impatience that could hardly endure the apparent slowness of their course, swift as it resily was.

In the meantime, on board the stranger craft an equal anxiety prevailed. Gillespie atood in the beam, gazing at the advancing boat with a savage look that told with what feelings he regarded its occupants.

effect of a long shot at his rival But the very remote hope of success in such a shot deterred him, and he stood waiting with outward calmness the inevita-ble meeting.

Her first glance filled her soul with jey. That boat so near, and shooting through the water with such rapidity, did it not hear relief? That erect and nobis form, could she mistake that? No, not for an instant. Her heart leaped widily as she recognized her lover, Rob Gordon.

Her captor was too much engaged to heed her movements. She came up full on the deck, and with a gladdened heart marked the stern, set face of her hetrothed as he stood with eyes only for his foe.

Nearer and nearer they came, they were on the very point of striking, the master of the Dart had alightly shifted his helm, so as to graze the side of the other, when with a quick shift of the heim the prow of the yacht awung round, her sail shivering, while the Dart, with the impetus she had gained, shot past at several feet's distance. But Rob's excitement could not be contained. A quick, light apring as they passed landed him on the deck of the yacht, and with a fierce cry of triumph he rushed to grapple with his foe.

With as ferce an ejsculation the other prepared to meet him. At this critical instant Maggie rushed forward, beside herself with the intensity of her feelings.

"Oh, Rob: Rob!" she cried.

He glanced around at the cry, and took an involuntary slep forward to meet her. That instant's dispraction gave his foe an advantage which he did not heetiate to take.

Rob stood close by the bulwark, and ere he could withdraw his eyes from the dear form before him, he was esized in a powerful grasp, lifted bodily, and fing over the side into the swift, dark current that rolled beneath them.

(To be continued for our nest. Commenced in No. St.)

The state of the s

side amp, and a state at night when the train arrived. I walked beneath alone which seemed Italian; the stillness, the warmth, the delicious dreaminess of the weather—a delicate languor pervading all—was almost interiorisating. A faint break though the lattice of my window at the hotel; there was a hint of perfume in it; the magnolias sent their welcome; the roses, the dense beds of fragrant blossoms, exhaled their greeting. All winter the roses bloom, and in the early spring and May the gardens are filled with them. The bayon which leads to Galveston, and is one of the main commercial highways between the main commercial highways between the two cities, is overhung by lofty and gracemain commercial nignways between the two cities, is overhung by lofty and grace-ful magnoins; and in the season of their blossoming, one may sail for miles along the channel with the heavy, passionate fra-grance of the queen-flower drifting around bin."

What School-Girls Want.

with what feelings he regarded its occupants.

He had recognized the erect form of his
enemy, and was more than once tempted
to try what Tom had feared he would, the give color to her cheek, light to her eye, music to her voice, elasticity to her step, grace to her motions, the native hue of health, life and joy to her whole person. To this end, her education should be, not waiting with ontward calmness the inevitable meeting.

He had at once caught the object of his pursuers, on first realizing that he was pursued, and had seen as well that a meeting could hardly be avoided. He thus kept resolutely on his course, as if determined to brave all the consequences of such a collision.

The excited movements on deck had roused Maggie from her long and bitter grief. She made her way up through the open cabin door, filled with the hope, from some words she had heard on deck, that succor for her was approaching.

Bestth, fire and joy to ner wnote person. To this end, her education should be, not exactly gymnastic, although a well-applied and wisely conducted gymnastim is quite gestial, but it should be largely ealistents in the widest and best sense of that the result shall be atrength clothed with beauty, and beauty informed and enforced by strength. Give an open succious of such women, and Dio Lewis and Dr. Allen will both lose their vocation together, and the millentum, not of muscular Christianity, but of physical perfection, will already have begun.—

Scribner.

Con and and

Common of the Common

A WOMAN'S VOW.

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

CHAPTER XLIX.

" OR, FOR ONE WORD PROM THE DEAD MAN'S Dr. Chester's carriage stood before the entrance to the effice of the "Eastern Telegraph Company," and the doctor himsalf sat quite composedly obsting with the precident, while the operator dispatched this message to N.

"Hon. Earls Templeton.
"Answer at once if found.
"Grongs Chesten, M. D.

" Landon, 12,40,"

In an hour the response came.

"Hon. E. T. is in London.
"JAMES BLEETCOURT, referee."

The doctor then finished his discussion and returned to his converance.

In the meantime Earle Templeton sat in his own chamber in London the very picture of despair, and Carroll Tressylian occupied the chair to his left. They had arrived from N—but as hour before.

ture of deepair, and carron from the pied acespied the chair to his left. They had arrived from N—but an hour before.

"And you still insist upon leaving England," said Mr. Tressylian sadly, "when
I have not seen you in all these years."

"Father, spare me." replied the other,
bitterly. "The air of London, of England,
suffocates me. She, your daughter can
comfort you for a few months, and then if
you wish I can return, for I shall have
grown same. Does it not sirike you that it
will be best for her that I should be away
when these fearful disclosures are made."

will be best for her that I should be away
when these fearful disclosures are made."
"Yea," answered Mr. Tressylian. "I
did not mean that you should be present
but—but—but—if you would only remain
here—though spart, I might see you
so nettimes, and—"
"The not arrow with me upon that

"Do not argue with me upon that point, father, I pray you," he cried. "I must go, and at once if you would have me escape a mad house. The farther from this accursed city the better. Hat you have promised me to explain why I did not always know you as my father, and bear your name. As you may imagine, it is the only matter of interest that life presents to me."

is the only matter of interest that life presents to me.

"That is soon explained," replied Mr. Treasylian, in a melancholy tone. "It was done, when I supposed no evil could ever result from it, to spare the feelings of my only parent, who had loved me with idolatrous devotion, and who died, as you may remember, only a few weeks after the celebration of my marriage to Fiorence Eglinston. My marriage with your mother, Earle, was truly an unfortunate one. I met her when I was too young to know anything of the world, and its myriad shades of character and crimes, and loving her with boylah impetuosity, I married in three weeks from the course was a constructed to the control of the course was a constructed to the course was a constructed to the course was a constructed to the course of the course was a constructed to the course of the her with boyish impetnosity, I married her in three weeks from the day of our first meeting. The marriage of course was a profound secret, unknown to every relation she had except one female cousin and her father. This had been readily done at my suggestion to shield me from the stern displessure of my father, of whom they had heard enough to feel assured that he would forever disinherit me on the alightest intimation of such an alliance; for the father of my wife was a poor French gentleman who lived in an simost starving condition on the borders of Wales, where he had married a plain English girl. The readiness with which they consented to such mad preposals from me, ought to have warned me that their sole object was to secure the fortune which I was to inherit; but love, as has been truly said, is blind, and I had no such idea at the time. My wife, however, had given her heart to a young Weichman before we met, and though gentle and lady-like to the end, I am persuaded that she welcomed death when it came to her but a few weeks after you, my son, were born. She had consented to marry me only to please her father, and as I believe, died of a broken heart for having done so."

"There was then to foundation for the her with boyish impetuosity, I married her in three weeks from the day of our

death."
"Then how came that superannuated madmar, Athol Templeton, to delare that my father was murdered, and my mother perhaps the instigator of the deed?" asked the young man, bitterly.
"Your inquiry brings me to the addest management of the sendent management of the sendent management." Templed, Mr. Tree.

perhaps the instigator of the deed? asked the young man, butterly.

"Your inquiry brings me to the saddest part of my natrative," replied Mr. Tressylian such that you have been more fortunate; but should the time come in the changes and chances of life when I might serve you, bridge, and at the time I speak of we had gone with me on that fatal hunting ercursion when we first stopped one night to find steller at Lodone, the ruinous old swat at which my wife's father resided. The female counin, who, I informed you, was a witness of my marriage, was a Miss Marcia Templeton—a proud, beautiful, high-spirited wiman. And Elizabeth Woodville spirited wiman. He too Accounted the time to mention the old woman in the Chester Hospital, until the detective late of the great fortune which he would then inherit. She looked up at him with a deathly out.

"My son," said Mr. Tressylian sadly,
"the poor, wretched creature is dead betwends must have been but the raving of delirium. Think too,
what a crime such thoughts must be to you, and for God's sake banish them. Come,
"I swear it," be cried. "She booked up at him with a deathly tour.

"And the words must have been but the wind for God's sake banish them. Come,

"Yes," cried Templeton—a proud, beautiful, highspitited we man. And Elizabeth Woodville
did not appear with more grace before Ed
ward IV, than she did before Hume Templeton. He too determined to risk all
things for love, and but a week after my
marriage be esponsed her. But her high,
proud spirit could too throok obscentiy, and
when she found herself about to become a
mother, she perseaded Hume to throw
himself at his father's feet, and confess all.
The young man knew that he was defying
the thunderbolt of Jupiter. Athol Templeton spurned him from his presence with
the bitterest curses, and Hume, in a fit of
desperation joined the army, and was killed
in a private difficulty with a fellow-solder
in a few months. This Marcia Templeton
had a brother—an abandoned, dissolute
fellow whom I saw but once—and whom
they called Barr Templeton. This man
had married a short time previous, a girl
of low connections, who was thought to be
but half-witted, though very pretty, and
after her marriage a disreputable associate
files. Templeton have been to make love to

but half-witted, though very pretty, and after her marriage a disreputable associate of Barr Templeton began to make love to her. She seems to have kept aloof from him, and yet to have given him encouragement ecough for him to commit a desperate crime. He murdered her husband, as many believed, with her consent. He was, however, immediately arrested, and in giving birth to a son the woman had died. "A singular fatality seemed to hang over these unfortunate Templetons. My wife had died, leaving me an infant son. This woman and her child were dead, and within a few weeks the widow of Hume Templeton and her infant were buried together. Then it was, Earle, that your grandfather proposed to me to bring you up in the eyes in a few wind and her infant were buried together.

Then it was, Earls, that your grandfather proposed to me to bring you up in the eyes of his honeshold as the child of Barr Templeton, which he would affirm to be still living. For your mother had died, as it window with a copy of the Times.

"Nurse, is the woman dead?" asked the ward master.

"Nurse, is the woman dead?" asked the ward master.

"Be is still breathing, sir, and mutters now and then; but she be almost gone."

"Warden, "said Mr. Tressylian, "I have just seen Dr. Chester, and with his perdicated to ward him with all properties."

"Warden, "said Mr. Tressylian," I have years ago to be hang for the murder of Carroll Tressylian?"

pleton had Hume, and out me off without a shilling. My wife having died as stated, there was no need for me to confess the marriage, but every reason as you see, why I should keep it a profounder secret than ever. You were then, as you will see, introduced to your grandfather's household as his unfortunate nephew. It was thus that old Athol Tumpieton had beard something of you. A few years afterward I took you away forever to be educated as my ward. And when you left school you had not a relation on your mother's side alive. For some time, that is, for a few weeks previous to my mysterious disappearance and supposed death, I had been deliberating whether it might not be best to explain these circumstances to you. And but one thing had caused me to hesitate. One of those old connections, Harr Templeton's wife's sister, had followed me up relenticessly, and was constantly threatening me with all those old, painful revelations as a means of exterior money. This woman had lived at Lodone as a sort of servant, because they had wished, if possible, to protect her from a life of worse degradation; but she eventually wandered off, and became, as I have said, a lawless outcast. What is it, Carlos?"

Earle Templeton's servant was looking in.

"Dr. Chester, sir, to see Mr. Temple-

n.
"Dr. Chester, sir, to see Mr. Temple-

"Dr. Chester, sir, to see Mr. Templeton."

"You did not have him summoned, supposing I needed a physician?" began Earle, angrily.

"No, sir. He says, if you please, he wants to see you on a matter of business that can be dispatched in a moment."

"I do not care to offend him; but his visit is most inopportune. Where is he?"

"In your antience room, sir."

Templeton followed the servant, and in a few moments was bowing coldly to his visitor.

a few moments was bowing coldly to his visitor.

"I'ray be seated, doctor, and inform me how I can oblige you, as I understand your visit is one of business."

"I had fancied I might be able to oblige you, sir, "returned George Chester, composedly. "Briefly, Mr. Templeton, there is an old outcast—a woman—whom I had all along thought delirious, dying in my hospital. For three weeks past she has been muttering your name and that of your old partner-at-law, Mr. Tressylian. To day I have reason to believe her in her right mind. I had some difficulty in persuading her that Mr. Tressylian was dead. She then implored me to summon you to her side, as she was once a servant in the house of your parents, and declares that she holds a secret connected with your birth of which Mr. Tressylian and yourself were ignorant. She seemed so earnest at the orbit of the certiful approxement of death

birth of which Mr. Tressylian and yourself were ignorant. She seemed so earnest at thought of the certain approach of death—and the visit of a scoundrel who she affirms has been bribing her to silence for twenty years, gave such coloring to her story this morning—that I thought it worth repeating to you. I think, should you be dispused to visit her, you will find her alive to day. I cannot answer for her longer. The man whom she accuses of having bribed her to silence once bore the name of Lewis Hartman—though he has passed for some years under an alias.

"Ah!" in spite of Mr. Templeton's usual reserve he had for none manifested a startied interest.

"I have found Lewis Flartman."
Mr. Tressylian sprang from his seat.
"Let that be done," he cried, "and I will die in peace. But tell me, I pray you, how and where?" And Earle Templeton related to him the doctor's story. He had forgottem to mention the old woman in the Chester Hospital, until the detective summoned by Mr. Tressylian had arrived and received his instructions.
"My God, Earle: "cried Mr. Tressylian," the woman may have something of vital importance to relate. It is no doubt the servant girl—the unfortunais sister of Bar Templeton's wife—of whom I was speaking to you not an hour ago. She has often declared that there was a secret connected

declared that there was a secret connected with the story I related to you, of which I

with the story I related to you, of which I knew nothing. We must go to her without a moment's delay."

Carlos was sent to summon a carriage, and the instant it appeared they sprang into it.

"Chester Hospital," said Mr. Tressylian briefly to the driver, and they were driven rapidly to their place of destination.

"We wish to see an inmate who is very ill here—a Mrs. South," he said to the warden when they had arrived. "It is Mrs. South now, and a while ago

mission we are to be left alone for a few moments with this—this creature. I should like the nurse to arouse her if possible, and then retire."

"Mrs. Houth," cried the nurse, giving her patient a vigorous shake. "I say, Mrs. Houth, rouse up here, woman, you must take your toddy again now. That'll bring her back, sir, if anything will."

And in reality the dying woman opened her sanken eyes and rolled them hidsonaly around.

around.
"Give me the whisky. I'm a gwine."
"Ah, it's about time!" replied the complacent nurse, giving her a spoonful of the
stimulants, and preparing to retire. "Now,
gentlemen, is your time, or it's leat forever in this world."

placent nurse, giving her a spoonful of the stimulants, and preparing to retire. "Now gentlemen, is your time, or it's lost forever in this world."

Mr. Treasylian approached the prostrate figure and bent over her. "Jane Markham," he said, slowly, but in a distinct voice, "look up once more: I, Carroll Tressylian, am here before you. You have seed to see me."

The woman once more opened her eyes wildly, and with a spasmodic effort pointed one bony finger toward him.

"There he is," she cried, in a choking voice. "They told me he was dead, but I knew he would come back in the end to torment me. Oh, why did I ever listen to proud Marcia or old Athol Templeton!"

"Jane," said Mr. Tressylian, "listen to me while you have time. This is no ghost that you see, but Carroll Tressylian in flesh and blood, aummoned to receive your dying confession by the doctor who has altended you. And this is the child of poor Adela-my son as he now knows himself to be—Earle Templeton Tressylian; "Ah, wo, wo!" cried the dying woman. "Carroll Tressylian, you are all wrong, all wrong. Oh, why was I bribed to be silent all these years by the monster Hartman and his mad wife! But you must know better. The sealed papers that they gave you from Lodone about this boy, all about him, and which you were to open only at Athol Templeton's death, would tell you—must have told you how you have been duped in all these years. Where are those papers? There was a letter for him from my mistress."

"The papers!" exclaimed Mr. Tressylian, aghast. "I—let me see. My God, I gave them to the young man, Ralph Thornton, to keep, and deliver to Earle when I was last married, in case I should not live to return to N—. And—and he was to bring them back to me on the vezy night of my fatal disappasrance. I had supposed them but some old family records that it would be best even my frieads should never dream of. And Ralph Thornton died in shame and ignounty soon after. Earle, did he say nothing to you of a bor of papers in his poncession left for you?"

"Foor young m

ove her."

"Earla, Earle!" exclaimed Mr. Tressylian, "you will drive me mad. What would she—what would the world say?"

"You are right," replied Templeton, hanging his head. "I believe! am going mad. But at any rate these papers will set all at rest, and I shall find them."

The two men drove back home in silence. At the door Mr. Tressylian was met by a messenger announcing that Lewis Hartman Chelosa was under arrest and desired to speak with him at once.

Templeton was no sconer left alone than he began preparations for a visit to Dr.

he began preparations for a visit to Dr. he said.

Chester. 'He knew those Thorntons,' he thought. 'He may at least be able to tall me if any of them are on the face of the earth to day, and if so I shall find

briefly.
"Tell her I am engaged," said Templeton, sharply. "I am this moment going

"I remember a men whom the law sentenced," replied Templeton, in a strangely husky voice.

"You were the maker of the law that day," cried the woman, "for on your lips every word assumed a tenfold significance, and you had decreed his punishment. Can you resull his name?"

"It was Halph Thornton."

"Then you may also recollect that Halph Thornton had a sister?"

"I do," said Templeton, quickly. "And I would give all I possess on earth to know that ahe is alive to-day."

"Man: that sister stands triumphant, after twenty years of patient waiting, be-

"Man! that sister stands triumphant, after twenty years of patient waiting, before you now. I am Lilian Thornton."

"Then," cried Templeton, wildly, "behold me in the dust at your feet. Oh, my God! if the secrifice of my own life could bring that brother back to us here, how gladiy would I lay it down but to obtain one secret he held in his keeping."

"God has heard me at last!" exclaimed Lilian, who in spite of all the bitter years still retained a weird beauty that could not fail to impress all who beheld her. "And Ralph, my darling Ralph, is avenged. It is the secret of your birth, which you half-wrung from the woman just dead, that you would obtain?"

"Yes—in merey, yes."

would obtain?"

"Yes—in merey, yes."

"Merey!" she laughed, soornfully. "Do you remember when I appealed to you for merey once in behalf of the man you were sending to a shameful death?"

"In the agony of this hour for the first time I remember it."

"Then such merey, Earle Templeton, as you granted to me, will I now show to you, and no other."

"I know—I know be was innocent. Carroll Tressylian still lives and is here."

"He still lives!" she cried. "Oh, God! even their dead can come back to them, while mine have perished in sternal shame. And he still tells you that the woman you have loved last and best, and have wooed to be your wife, is your sister."

have loved last and best, and have woold to be your wife, is your sister."

"If you have aught of woman's heart in your breast, have compassion. You see how I auffer." He stood before her, his proud bead bowed in humility.

"Heart of woman!" she repeated.

"You turned it to stone by your own brutal obduracy. Ab, I see indeed that you suffer, and it is for this I have worked."

"You have then tripupped." pleaded.

worked."
"You have then triumphed," pleaded
Templeton, humbly. "What more can
you ask? You knew the woman just dead.
She may have told you her story. Mr.
Tressylian had given to your brother,
Ralph, but a few days before his fatal arrest a reader of a sailed papers for me they rest, a packet of sealed papers for me that would have explained all. They must have fallen to you. Give them to me in mercy, and you will make me your slave for life or death!"

or death!"
"You think the secret that night yet enable you to wed Angela Tressylian is in my hands!"
"Yes."
"And what would you give to know?"

"And what would you give to know?"
Give:" he cried out terribly. "I would crawl on my knees to that supposed felon's grave, and pouring my heart out in the dust in a wild entrenty for pardon, would go through the broad earth, with the tramp of Ahasnerus, to proclaim him innocent of the deed for which he suffered."

"And would that bring him back in his freach, in yours youth, to my blighted, deso-

fresh, joyous youth, to my blighted, deso-late heart?" she exclaimed, bitterly, "No, Earle Templeton, they have called me mad, and I may have been, but something mad, and I may have been, but something whispered me that this hour would come, and for the crown of England I would not to day forego its triumph. Suffer! aye, suffer! I have known it all these years, and it is but meet that your shoulders should receive the burden, when mine have been crushed under it. It was for this I sured you."

this I spared you."
"Woman, be still!" "Woman, be still!"

"Not yet. I say it was for this I forbore to take your life on the night that fearful sentence was passed. It was for this, when he had ended his own life, I sacrificed every natural affection of my woman's nature, and married a man I loathed!"

"And still the bitter fruit of your own.

And still the bitter fruit of your own "And still the bitter fruit of your own ill-doing recoils upon your head," replied Templeton, with a momentary sense of triumph in spite of her. "Woman, you had taken to your boson the asy that had stung you. It was Lewis Hartman, and none other, so help me God, who had caused Mr. Tressylian to be abducted, and as be thought, afterward murdered, for the sake of the great fortune which he would then inherit."

on the price of halph a blood: see repeated with a shudder, seeming to think
only of that, as she pressed her hands
across her heart. "God's ways are mysterious. I must surely die to day."

"And still you will not forgive."

"Forgive." she exclaimed with increased
fier-eness. "No—not even in the world
fier-eness. "No—not even in the world
to come. Does it make it better for me to
ton to be as innocent of the crime im-

fierceness. "Nu-not even in the world to come. Does it make it better for me to bear, that you forced me to consort with my brother's real assassin? There is but bear, that you.

my brother's real assassin? Inc.

my brother's real assassin? Inc.

a pronder exultation in your fail. I know

what your life has been and must be, and

what your life has by work. Who was it,

there in it as my work. Who was it,

and had counted to

to your room to arouse the other's joslousy, and foiled you in every effort there?"

"And broke the heart of Nina Alvarez," he said. "There is a murder that you may lay at your own door. You can no longer accuse me."

"It was her own blind infatuation," cried Lidian. "Yet then I would have elsin her with my own hands to make you suffer. Remember it was I who nursed you through the perils of that railroad disseter, that you might go on to Paris and ster, that you might go on to Paris and lay her brother—for I knew your steady,

warden when they had arrived.

"It is Mrs. South now, and a while ago
it was Mrs. North," mattered Thorpe.
"Well, I'dare say she is right, for she is
going to a warm country as fast as a sinner
soluted. "The patient was sinking very
fast an hour ago, you will hardly find her
alive."

Mr. Tressylian and Earle Templeton—
as we shall still call him—followed the
warden with quick steps down the long
corridor At last the man opened the dong
and beckoned them to come in.

There was a small, clean room with a
single bed and a shrunken, haggard figure
lying upon it. One of the nurses sat at a
window with a copy of the Times.

"Nurse, is the woman dead?" asked the
ward-master.

"Be is still breathing six and matter.

"One are the content and possibly of the concentrated loathing of twenty years
in face and voice.

"To day," she said, "I will drop all disguise. You may know me as I am, for my

siay her brother—for I knew your steady,
murderous hand."
"Woman!" he exclaimed, in agony—
for the memory of that deed still amote
him like a knife—"you shall team me no
longer. At least you shall team in the no longer.

"A moment more, and I have done with
you forever. I had the secret of your life
long years ago, from this woman just dead.

I brited her, as she knew, with ar higher
price than you could have done; and I
took her abroad to avoid the possibility of
your meters.

"A woman's figure clad in black had
silently followed, and now pushing by
the micro the memory of that deed still amote
him like a knife—"you shall team in me
longer. At least you shall team in me
longer. At least you shall team in me
longer. At least you shall team in me
longer.

"A moment more, and I have done with
you

other word. I will tell you. I have every reason to think Angela Treesplian is not your sister; that she has not one drop of your blood in her veins. But if I could establish that fact beyond all shadow of doubt to the world and you, I would suffer all the tortures of the Inquisition, I would have the tongue torn from my mouth with redbot pincers, before it should divalge one word to you, though you cravied on your knesse to me every day for a life-time through these broad streets of London to implore my forgiveness. And now, Earle Templeton, we part; never more to meet again in this world."

A moment more and Lilian Thornton had vanished as she had come. And into that room the shadows of eternal night seemed falling, where Earle Templeton had seen as the world. "

CHAPTER L. CONCLUSION.

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CHAPTER L. CONCLUSION.

C

Mr. Tressylian structure in one of the parlors.

"Mr. Tressylian," said the stranger, advancing to meet him with cheery voice and manner, "no man on earth could have been as glad to hear that you were really alive, and as delighted to see you now, as I am; though you have caused me more suffering than all the rest of the world could have done. But I know that your kind heart has given me many a regretful sigh. Do you not know me yet, sir? I am Ralph Thornton!" "Ralph Thornton!" oried Mr. Tressylian, in incredulous amezoment. "Ralph Thorton! The voice and the face too, now that I see more clearly, though older and more careworn, are his. But, man, poor Ralph died, to my lasting regret, these many years ago."

poor Ralph died, to my lasting regret, these many years ago." Died to the world, sir, "said the same cheerful voice that it had been a pleasure in those old times to hear. "But in the goodness of God he still lives to you, and all those who trusted or befriended him. It is the same Ralph, sir, though the world at Coldham fancies me safely hid away beneath the sod for these eighteen years." "Doctor," said Mr. Tressylian, turning, with a bewildered look, "am I dream,

hension."
It is soon explained, "said Dr. Chester, coming forward. "I knew Kalph Thoruton to be as innocent of the crime imputed to him as I myself had been. I had told the court that the witness, Tom Jones, was a positive madman, and that heasion."

"It is soon explained," said Dr. Chester, coming forward. "I knew Ralph Thoruston to be as innocent of the crime imputed to him as I myself had been. I had told the court that the witness, Tom Jones, was a positive madman, and that his whimsical story was without one particle of foundation, conjured from his distorted fancy by the horrors of the supposed murbod far but there was such method in his madness, that the court refused to bear. My next effort was to save the prisoner at all hazards, and this I did at the peril of my own life. There was in London at that time an obscure vender of eastern herbs, who had allimed that he could produce a sleep so hearly resembling death that a learned body of physicians, in a careless examination, would never distinguish between them. I had seen this man under the infleence of such a powder himself, and had thought him dead for some hours. Of course there is danger resulting in death in half the cases where it is taken. Under the most solemn vow never to impart the secret to any one while he remained in the country, except to the wife of the condemned man whose life the intelligence might save, I secured a single powder of him, and gave it to Raph to the wife of the condemned man whose life the intelligence might save, I secured a single powder of him, and gave it to Raph appointed for his execution. You may imagine the rest. In the dead of night I recalled him to life by vigorous antidotes, and with my own hands fastened down his coffin before morning."

Brave, true heart! He said nothing of all that his maintained oath of secreey had cost him.

"And I have lived abroad since," said Raph. "But, thank Heaven, since "The Caldham Mystery" is all explained, and Mr. Tresquian was never killed at all, I can return without fear of being hung over again."

sit that his maintained oath of secreey had coet him.

"And I have lived abroad since," said Ralph. "But, thank Heaven, since "The Coldham Mystery' is all explained, and Mr. Tresglian was never killed at all, I can return without fear of being hung over again."

CHAPTER L.

Coving Hartman and in the spice station-house defining officers, "it is all a farcial house defining officers," it is all a farcial mistake, as you will see. Some cleaver impostor it string to spain himself upon the poster in trying to spain himself upon the poster in the post

nail, warm the owner of the inger that a gift is on its way, and the same pleasant notification is made by the itching of the palm of the right hand; but in that case it is best to make assurance doubly sure, and rub the said palm against wood, then "it is sure to be good."—Chambers's Jour-nal.

Smoking in Spain.

But if drinking to excess is rare, smoking is universal. No one pretends to sak permission for his cigar, even in a railway carriage. Everybody smokes, and everywhere. In some hotels a label is posted in the dining-room not to smoke. But nobody minds if. The attempt to enforce it would exatter all the Sonnish crossets in the hones. scatter all the Spanish guests in the house With the notice in full view, with more than sixty ladies and gentlemen dining at the table-d hite, the gentlemen would amoke between the courses, and then resume their eating. The thought never occurs to any of them that it may be a unicance.

her."
"Woman, begone; or I may be tempted to forget your sex, and slay you on my own hearth."
"Buch a fate would be mercy to ma. And yet you must live on to suffer. One

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Worth, The Paris Dressmaker.

borders to match.

The library was finished in dark carved wood. A bay-window was painted in small tablets representing the various books of the Bible. The view from this window was something to be remembered. In the distance was Paris, bounding the plain like the walls of an amphitheaire. The window-cartains in some dark staff were bordered with medallions filled with portraits in some dark the table work of the historical costumes bluntness which characterizes the English, and has "taken on" very little of the survey was something to be remembered. In the distance was Paris, bounding the plain like the walle of an amphitheatre. The vindeest and unafforded in manner, and would pass for an unassuming, honest, common sense sort of a man, thoroughly conscientious in a profession which he has of Parises of France. There were busts of French writers; a case of coins; bronzes; mementoes, one of which was a portrait of Nisson, which she had presented to Mr. Worth, with her grateful thanks for kindness he had shown her. The door of the library was convex, the two parts closing like the half of a cylinder. I must conclude by the mention of a few salient points. All the rooms in the claveau are rather low. The floors are of inlaid woods, or in mossic. There were book self-reported and simply. I doubt if he shown her. The door of the library was convex, the two parts closing like the half of a cylinder. I must conclude by the mention of a few salient points. All the rooms in the claveau are rather low. The floors are of inlaid woods, or in mossic. There are family portraits—noof Worth in the costume of the Bhah of Persia, of Madame Worth in that of come queen, and of the two sons, when children,

in princly costumes, one of the boys being painted in a girl's dress. There is a fine butt of Napoleen the First, and one of Worth the First. Back of the latter is his portrait in oil, teken when he was quite young, and a very handsome picture it is. There are quaintly and richly inlaid old cabinets of two hundred years ago, leopardskins in abundance, and the large met which covers the centre of the floor of the family sitting-room is in squares of leopard-family sitting-room is in squares of leopard-

FREE PAID DESIGNATION

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objection to women wearing trowsers with a tunic, as I have wanted them to. And there is the Persian costume, which is the perfection of beauty and grace."

In person Mr. Worth is of medium English height, strongly but not stoutly built. He has black eyes, hair and mustache dark, and a fully developed forehead, which a phrenologist would doubtless say is crammed with form, perception, color, etc. He is not a bit "Franchy." He retains much of the bluntness which characterizes the English, and has "taken on" very little of the susvity that characterizes the French. He is modest and unafforded in manner, and would pass for an unassuming, honest, common-sense sort of a man, thoroughly conscientions in a profession which he has raised to the dignity of a fine art.

He is not far from forty years of age, and has the appearance of a man who lives temperately and simply. I doubt if he smokes even. He rides into Paris every morning on horseback, usually reaching his business about nine o'clock, and often remaining in the evening until ten. He has two sons, one nipsteen and the other

A DESERTED CITY.

A Walk Through the Silent Streets of a Once Bushing California Yown.

A correspondent furnishes an interesting story of one of the strangest towns on the continent—Meadow Luke, Cal. It is, says, the writer, the California Pompeli, the years of whose antiquity one can recken on the flogers of his hands; whose entombounding lava is the summit snow storms which sometimes bury it twenty-five feet deep sometimes bury it twenty-five feet deep.

Off A Chicago poet, upon hearing that Nilsson was about to creet cow-sheds upon her Peoria lots, has boras forth into the following verse: "Caristine, Christine, thy milking do, the move and eve between, and not by the dist religious light of the fitful keyssense, For the cow many the complete the properties of the fitful keyssense, For the cow many the complete the tween, and not by the disc religious light of the fifted kerseene. For the cow may plunge, and the lamp explode, and the fire field ride the gale, and shrink the knell of the burning town in the glow of the molten nail!"

a correspondent formishes an interesting story of one of the strangest towns on unstatuse of human fortane. The graying story of one of the strangest towns on unstatuse of human fortane. The graying story of one of the strangest towns and another the country of the strangest to the strangest to the strangest towns and the stee country and another the country of the strangest to the strangest towns entough the remains of some by-gone age.

ITEMS OF INTEREST:

It is any another than the glow of the evolution and the redeems these must be continued to the strangest town and a strange to the strangest town and the stee country of protecting this rection. In that year the south the gray of protecting this rection. In that year the south the gray of protecting this rection. In that year the south the gray of protecting this rection. In that year the south the gray of protecting this rection. In that year the south the gray of protecting this rection. In that year the south the gray of protecting this rection. In that year the south the gray of protecting this rection. In that year the south the gray of protecting the rection of Moses hide him? Nice—"Why he was good effect in several ways. For the without a particle of center of the strange of closely and the gray of protecting this rection. In that year the stranges of the count of wood entered in gint to the composition. Thus was created an artificial lake or recervity two unless one of the stranges of the strange of the court of country the stranges of the court of the strange of the court of country the strange of the court of the strange of the court of the stranges of the court of the strange of the court of the stranges of the str control of the contro

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No. 1, —The round of the
his person to rehead over the head over the head over the head over the top,
as J. From ear to ear over the top,
d. —From ear to ear round the forehead.

"3, —Trom ear to ear round the forehead.

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Con Contraction

THREE KISSES OF FAREWELL.

There, only three, my darling, Beparate, notenin, slow; Rot like the swift and joycus once We used to know Whom we kissed because we loved each other, Simply to taste love's sweet, And in violed our kisses as the number

Piret of the three, my darling,
Je secred unto pain;
We have been controlled;
We have been controlled;
We have been controlled;
Whose we pine because we miss each other,
And do not understand.
How the written words are so much conter.
Then eye and hand,
I kine thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take;
Burief, forgiven before it comes,
Pur our love's sake.

The second kies, my darling, is full of pay a sweet thrill; We have bloomed such other always; We will be such the same bloomed such other always; We will be such the same such that and space; We shall litten and space; We shall litten till us hear such other in every place; The earth is full of measuremptry. Which love sends to and fro; I kies thee, darling, for all joy Which we shall know!

"What's the difference?" asked Auni Tilly, "I'd be willing to have him come, just to oblige his sister, but it will make so much more work—and—"
"Never mind that, Auni Tilly," interrapted Cindy, "I'd on t mind the work, if you think best to have him come."
Brave little Cindy. 'She never did "mind the work," and the result was, she had it sil to do. Those who are willing to be burden-bearers for others have no difficulty in finding the burdens. Not one of that family meant to be unjust or ungenerous. But Elizabeth was "literary" in a very small way. She was fond of her books, fond of study. She wrote verses for the county paper, and it was vaguely hinted that she was engaged on something that would sometime, etc., etc. Of conreher time was quite too precious to be wasted on housework.

Laura was fair, placid, indelent beauty.

wasted on housework.

Laura was a fair, placid, indelent beauty. She did not like to wash dishes, for it spoiled her hands. She did not like to sweep, for it made her back ache. She did not like to cook, for it reddened her face. As for Mrs. Munro, she was one of those women to whom, be she old or be she young, the grasshopper is a burden.

des.

Money was not over plenty in the house; and to take city boarders—just as an accommodation, you know—was considered a respectable way to che out a moderate incomes. It was an easy way as well, when there was a Cindy to the fore. Before she went to bed that night, Mrs. Munro had written to Miss Aiden that rooms should be in readiness for her brother the last of that west.

hat week.

He came, this Winthrop Ables, a hand-man, maniy-looking fellow, it spite of a secutiffiness. Well-byen and well-bred, oth plenty of thus bleed in his veins, ritish was yet warmed and cariohed by he red of our common humanity—an ritist, as Clindy had said, but with so much

of ancestral wealth that he could afford time to do good work and to do it well—fall of all beautiful enthusiasma, with an oye that was quich to see, an ear to hear, and a heart to feel whelever was best worth seeing and hearing and feeling, was it any wender that he was a week tempered and charming, and that he brought into the house a glow brighter than that of the summer sunshine?

If does not seem strange to me that, in less than a week, there was a fluttering in that dove-sote. Every one of these girls had her own ambitions; even Cindy, who had not found it out yet. Elizabeth was only sensible of a vague longing for "something better than she had known" in Millthorpe; for a higher culture and a loftier living. Laura was beautiful, and she knew it, and meant to make the most of it. Beautiful with mere physical beauty of it. Beautiful with mere physical beauty of pink and white fisch, blue eyes and golden hair. She was not going to marry a Millthorpe elodhopper, do her own work, tend her own babies, have two calico gowns a year, and maybe a new silk once in five—not she! She was waiting for the prince to come and array her in satins and laces and jowels. But she was not such a fool as to say this, even in whispers; and to all appearance she was sweet simplicity itself, guileless and unsophisticated as a child.

What was Cindy's ambition? It had

or nought out fairy nooks with her drawing-master.

One day she was washing the dinner dishes, trying vainly to recall the blithe content of former days, and wondering whither it had flown, when Mr. Alden passed through the kitchen. Pausing for a moment in the shadow of the trumpet honeysuckle, with his hand upon the doorpost, he looked down the fragrant gardenpaths, and then back into the room from which the beat of various culinary operations had not yot escaped. Cindy's checks were flushed, her hair lay upon her forehead in little moist brown rings, her hands trembled, and she looked thoroughly uncomfortable.

comfortable. "It is very warm to day, Miss Cinder-ella," he said. Even genius can offer com-

ella," he said. Even genius can oner commonplaces.

"Cinderella!" she cried, opening her brown eyes at him, as she nearly dropped a tumbler. "What a funny idea! That's not my name, Mr. Aiden."

"It is not? I beg your pardon. But they call you Cinda—Cindy—do they not? I supposed it was for Cinderella."

"It is not. It is for Lucinda—just plain Lucinda, Mr. Aiden."

"Lucinda—Cinderella," he repeated, musingly, while his eye roved around the

"Lucinda.—Cinderella," he repeated, musingly, while his eye roved around the room, taking quick note of everything, from the pots and kettles on the hearth to the saucer of panaise on the window-aill, and the young girl's tired face. "A strange blunder of mine. But I really supposed it was Cinderella."

He hesitated a moment, while a sudden light broke over his face, and a smile played about his mouth.

"Cin-de-rel-la"—he said again, lingering on the word. "We are not going to the prince's ball, Miss Cindy, but we are going up the hill to the pine woods. Then he stepped quickly into the room, and took the denter from Cindy's hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "but you do me too much honor. I took care of my own study while I was in college, and I can again. Let the dust gather an



Wait till I have something better to show! It's something new for Laura."

"But you are in the room sometimes when she takes her lessons?" remarked (lindy, with a question in her voice.

"Oh, Mr. Alden does not teach like a drawing-master. She just sketches whatever she pleases, and he criticises and makes suggestions. She won't draw so much as a straight line in his presence. And he thinks it just lovely of her—I know he does. She makes him think she is as shrinking and sensitive as a harebell."

Elizabeth had her troubles, too, it seemed.

seemed.

The next morning Mr. Alden announced that he was going off on a long tramp; should probably be gone all day. Laura took advantage of his absence to close herself with her dressunker; Elizabeth locked herself into her room, and gave

mail to Mr. Alden, and after tea he strolled down to the bottom of the garden, where there was a rustic summer house, with a table and a chair or two, to look over the new monthlies. Presently Laura followed him, with her portfolio.

"I don't expect you want to see me one bit," ahe said, throwing back her long curls with a pretty, childlike toss. "Not now, when you've just got news from home, and everything. But I've come, nevertheless. I do so want you to tell me what is the trouble with this sketch. I can't get it to suit me. O, Mr. Alden!" and she laid her white hand upon his arm appealingly, "what shall I do when you go away, and I have no one to help me? You have added so much to my life!"

He made no reply—ungallant fellow that he was—as he took the little sketch, or design, from her hand, and glanced at it carelessly. But in a moment he lost his listless air, pushed back the hair from his forehead, laid the bit of drawing-paper on the table before him, and examined it carefully.

"This design is remarkable for the work."

should proteany took advantage of his absence took advantage of his absence therself with her dressmaker; Elizabeth locked herself into her room, and gave orders that she was on no account to be disturbed; Anni Tilly went down street to see a friend and do some errands.

"Now I have a chance to give Mr. Alden's parior a thorough putting to rights," and Cindy to herself. "It has needed it; the long time." And, tying a handler-tit chief over her head, she forthwith went to work.

En She was rubbing obsirs and tables with a hearty good will when the door suddenly opened.

"I have such a way of getting at the heart of things. What do you mean to finah erimsoned his forehead. Then he are inspeed quickly into the room, and took the duster from Cindy's hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "but you do me too much honor. I took care you do me too much honor with a design, from her hand, and glanced design, from her hand, and glanced design

brought to him, day after day, designs and aktobes that betrayed a power of thought, a depth of feeling and insight, a pure womanliness beyond his comprehension. The execution was often very faulty—but the power was there undexisely.

"You meant something by this," he went on, as she did not speak. "You were not simply making a picture. I think I read your thought. But tell me what it was?"

were not sumply maxing a picture. I think I read your thought. But tell me what it was?"

Just then a step sounded on the gravel-walk without. Laura hastily gathered up her papers; but before she could reach the one Mr. Alden was examining, a sudden gust of wind oneght it, and sweeping it outside the door, dropped it at Cindy's feet.

"That is mine? Do not touch it?" cried Laura. But with a quick start and an exclamation of astonishment, Cindy stooped down and picked it up.

"It is mine," said ahe, calmly, while her form dilated and her eye kindled with a sudden light. "It is mine. Where did you get it, Laura? And what right have you to show my pencillings to Mr. Alden?"

"It is not yours—it is mine," repeated Laura, trembling like a leaf and pallid as a ghost; "I drew it to-day—this very morning."

Cindy colored painfully. She had spoken involuntarily; but now she shrank, with womanly sensitiveness, from exposing her cousin to Mr. Alden's contempt.

"Let it pass, then," she said, and would have turned away.

But he stopped her, laying his hand upon the portfolio. "This can hardly be a mistake," he said, gently. "It is better to have an understanding on the spot. Do you say this drawing is yours, Miss Cindy?"

He looked at Laura imploringly, but the latter stood sullen and silent as a statue.
"Is it yours, Miss Cindy?"

The English Gipsies.

The English Gipsies are quite without religion, being almost the only people in the world who have no notion of immorthe world who have no notion of immor-tality, and are not governed in the least degree by any thought of future reward or punishment. But if they have no religion, they have a curious devotion to the dead which has more influence on their lives than the religion of the most sincere be-liever usually has. When a friend dies, the surviver always gives up something or the survivor always gives up something of which he has been fond, in memory of the dead. If it be a boon companion, the friend who had drunk with him will taste the dead. It it be a boon companion, the friend who had drunk with him will taste no more liquor, thereafter. Sometimes cigars are given up—sometimes some kind of food which the deceased loved. Often a bereaved Gipay will give up cards; or if he has danced often with some little brown sweetheart he will never dance again, after she is gone. Said a Gipay to Mr. Leland—who has spent much time among them—"When Gipay men or women die their friends do not like to call any one else by their names, and often they change them, if any in the family are called so; for 'twould make any man grieve to hear the names of the dead that were dear to him." The one oath that will bind a Gipay is the cath he swears by his dead. He may swear you as many Christian oaths as you please, he will break them before you are round the next corner. But its him swear by the dead, and nothing can shake his fidelity.

dead, and nothing can shake his fidelity.

Trilling Clinax.—Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech in a country village out West. Just as he was concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat beside him, whispered, "Tip em a little Latin, General; they won't be antisfied without it." The "hero of New Orleans" instantly thought of a few phrases he knew, and, in a voice of thunder, wound up his speech by arclaiming, "E pluribus unum, Sine yan one, Ne pins nitra, Maltum in Parro." The effect was tremendous, and the shoute could be heard for miles.

Answers to Correspondents.

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D BACHELOR.

District of the state of the st

stream, in the wildow Wadman, and his mittary useics, hab to and discussions. In the statustic to which you refer, the dear old fellow its represented in one of his most characteristic mode, 3d, A defeated political party or candidate is said to be "Howed up Salt Hiver," and those who attempt still to uphold the party or individual stream. Inman says the aliusion is to a small stream. Inman says the aliusion is to a small stream in Kentucky, the passage of which is rendered both difficult and dangerous by shallows, the party of the